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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 223

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

What Rooseveltism Means..... 226
Improving the Judiciary 227
Free Sugar and an Income Tax..... 227
Report of the Factory Commisson.... 228
The Complete Suburbanite 229

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Georg Brandes at Seventy..... 230
News for Bibliophiles 321

CORRESPONDENCE:

Library Conditions in New York State 232
St. Bernard and Nature 232
The Adjutant-General's Office 233
The Cause of High Prices 233
A Possible Motive 234
"Anti-Slavery" 234

LITERATURE:

William Pitt and the Great War 234
Paradise Farm 235
The Gods and Mr. Perrin 235
The Fool in Christ—The Indian Lily and Other Stories 236
Vane of the Timberlands 236
The Vitality of Platonism, and Other Essays 236
The Life of Tolstoy—The Life of Count Lyof N. Tolstoï—Tolstoy.... 237
The Works of Henrik Ibsen..... 238
A Personal Record..... 238

NOTES 239

SCIENCE:

Fourth Annual Report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund..... 242

DRAMA 243

MUSIC:

Post-Victorian Music 244

ART:

Etchings 245

FINANCE:

Bad News and the Financial Markets 246

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 246

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912.

The Week

The report that Vice-President Sherman has been chosen by the Taft leaders for running-mate to the President is emphatically, and apparently authoritatively, denied. Unless Mr. Taft is amazingly ill-advised, the denial will be adhered to and borne out by the facts. Such an attachment to Mr. Taft's candidacy would manifestly be a disastrous handicap in the electoral campaign, and there is good reason for believing that it would operate almost as disastrously in the nomination campaign. The danger to Taft lies in the question of the final attitude of those persons who are not unfriendly to him, but who have objected to certain features of his record, and who, though they may not be Progressives with a big P, are sincerely and soberly progressive. About the best way to alienate such men is to tie him up with Sherman, and especially to fasten upon him the responsibility for the selection. The choice of Sherman four years ago was not in pursuance of Mr. Taft's desire or judgment, but was the result of the efforts of men close to Roosevelt. Mr. Taft's preference was for the late Senator Dolliver, perhaps the ablest of the Western Progressives. If he and his advisers are sagacious, they will look for a man of somewhat that type as his associate in the candidacy.

Mr. Taft's attitude towards the Mexican revolt continues to be wholly admirable. Once we put aside the unfortunate manner in which last year's mobilization was initiated, the Administration's bearing in the face of a difficult situation has reflected credit on the entire American people, and served as the best possible rejoinder to the reflections frequently cast upon our motives with regard to the Latin Americans. When we speak of the situation as difficult, we have in mind not Mexico alone. The Administration has been under severe pressure to take aggressive action on the Mexican frontier. A man of different temperament from Mr. Taft's, and of a more complicated sense of right and wrong, might have found sufficient reason for intervention by this time. And especially in a Presidential year when parties pant after political capital as the hart after the water brooks, an Administration facing a dubious election might be tempted to inject the khaki element into the contest. But one finds it utterly impossible to think of Mr. Taft playing a game of this nature.

President Taft's re-statement of his tariff views, which he gave to Mr. Francis E. Leupp for publication in the *Outlook*, carries him over ground that he has already made familiar. He is for revision, schedule by schedule, based upon the findings of the Tariff Board. The latter he would continue as a permanent body, acting as a fountain of information for manufacturers and merchants as well as for Congress. In some of his expressions, Mr. Taft departs widely from the accepted notions of protectionists, declaring, for example, that protective duties are designed to help only those who are "economically worth helping, not to provide an ambulance for the helpless or the laggards." On the other hand, he now slips back to the plank of the 1908 platform which undertakes to guarantee a "reasonable profit" to the American manufacturer. This had been quietly dropped by the President in his speeches and messages, doubtless because he perceived that it made meaningless or deceptive the talk of basing duties upon the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. If it is really a question of the Government insuring a "reasonable profit," the helpless and the laggards are as much entitled to it as anybody else.

To ex-Senator Hansborough's grave charges that Mr. Roosevelt ordered the pigeonholing of the proposed prosecution of the Harvester Trust while he was President, there now come the familiar sweeping denials. It is all a "lie made out of whole cloth," not worthy of notice. But Mr. Hansborough is not thereby cast down. He returns to the attack in the New York *World*, declaring that his statements are based on knowledge, and then he asks these specific questions: "Does the Colonel deny that he told me that he would prosecute the Harvester Trust on the Townsend report [made to Attorney-General Bonaparte]? Does he deny that he wrote a letter to Attorney-General Bonaparte directing him not to prosecute the Harvester Trust?" Mr. Roosevelt may, of course, continue to ignore the charge. That is his privilege. Mr. Bonaparte, who is now out for Roosevelt, may also take the dignified attitude of refusing to answer these specific questions. But the facts in the case ought to be, and, we are inclined to think, will be, brought out soon. It is not denied that Attorney-General Wickersham is now proceeding against the Trust, and there is in existence, moreover, the Stanley Committee, which has the power to compel the Department of Justice to produce any letters in regard to the proposed Roosevelt prosecution of 1907 if there be such on file. We sincerely trust that the matter will be quickly probed to the bottom, so that this "peculiarly iniquitous falsehood" may be exposed.

A long and somewhat hysterical attack upon Gov. Harmon has been published by the so-called "Progressive Democrats" of Ohio. In it they make many railing accusations against the Governor, not all of which those unfamiliar with the intricacies of Ohio politics will be able to weigh intelligently. But in one point the supposed odium poured upon Gov. Harmon will appear to disinterested outsiders really to be praise. The charge is that he has not "cleaned house" in Ohio, and that, despite his having been Governor for more than three years, there are still as many as 1,500 Republicans holding office under him—nearly as many as the Democrats whom he has appointed to official positions. This may seem an awful crime to Democrats whose "progressiveness" means progress towards the swine-trough of spoils, but to those who believe in the ideas of civil service reform, and the continuance of efficient public servants in office despite their party preferences, it will seem that Gov. Harmon has had a feather stuck in his cap by his enemies.

It is not necessary to impute sordid

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motives to the Baltimore hotel managers against whose action the Secretary of the Democratic National Committee protests. From time immemorial hotel rates have risen in convention cities with a regularity that could not have been brought about by mere agreement. The selection of the favored spot operates upon prices in and around it in much the same manner as a violent increase in the production of gold operates upon prices in general. To blame the individuals who reap the profit of the occurrence is human, but it is also useless.

"Whatever is right is Constitutional." To this epigram has the Governor of Michigan reduced the whole vexed question of the authority of a Legislature. The words occur in the message in which Gov. Osborn has summoned the Legislature in extraordinary session for the purpose of enacting a Presidential preference primary law. What leads to their utterance is an awkward provision in the Michigan Constitution empowering the Legislature to give immediate effect to acts which either make appropriations or are necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health, or safety. As it is not evident that a Presidential primary falls exactly under either of these classes, the Governor reminds the legislators that half of the bills to which [illegible] gave immediate effect in the [illegible] session were not appropriation bills in the ordinary meaning of the term, and that above a fourth of them carried no appropriation whatever. And the Constitution "was just as sacred last year as this year." Besides, such a law might contain a provision for paying the expenses of delegates. But he has little patience with this line of reasoning, which he regards as the kind of subterfuge that would be resorted to by those who desire to use the Constitution against the interest of the people. The great fact is that courts and lawyers of the better sort "now regard the Constitution as being broad and elastic enough to cover and warrant what is right, and especially when there is no dispute as to the right. Abraham Lincoln said: 'The life of this nation is greater than any Constitution.'" And, of course, an oath to uphold the Constitution is taken—in Michigan—in a purely Pickwickian sense.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois that an appropriation of $60,000 for the Medical School of the State University is invalid because, not having been printed after it had been made part of a conference committee report, it "was not passed in the mode prescribed by the Constitution," is not likely to have the sweeping effect upon other and more important legislation of the last forty years that was at first feared. Every such law will have to be impugned separately, and will be defended upon its own particular set of circumstances, while a special session of the Legislature can be called to validate it if necessary. The teeth of the decision are in its implied warning against laws rushed through in the future in the same eleventh-hour confusion. Illinois is one of the States that impose no restriction upon the length of the legislative session, but, by one of the strange inconsistencies of our political theories, the closing hours of her Legislatures have long been marked by a pandemonium of law-making.

What an association of business men can do to promote the general welfare, as well as its own private affairs, is being shown by the Illinois Bankers' Association. This organization is endeavoring to bring the private banks of Illinois under control of the State Banking Department, to cause regulation and restriction of so-called investment stocks, and to introduce habits of thrift and cautious investment among the people. But the association does not confine its energies to these purely financial matters. Its wider activities include the promotion of modern methods as applied to farming, and a campaign for the construction of better roads. It has also a bill before Congress to create a system of field demonstrations of the most approved agricultural practice. This reaching out to economic reform on the part of bankers has been heartily approved by the citizens of Illinois. It is evidence of the growing and wholesome tendency among technical men and men of affairs to employ their special knowledge and exceptional facilities for the public good.

That college graduates are neither scholars nor practical men may now be regarded as established by frequent repetition of both parts of the assertion. It is apparently one of those melancholy truths to which we must yield in the end, and to this particular one we have become somewhat reconciled. But this only makes it harder to accept the further and more serious criticism that college men are not markedly superior to their unlettered companions in the ability to play professional baseball. One player-manager of renown is quoted as declaring that he could count on his ten fingers all the really good college baseball players in the country. It seems to be admitted that rowdyism has largely gone out of the game since the entrance of the man with a degree, but this merely moral improvement is no solace for the suggested failure of the graduate to excel in those feats that appeal to crowded and excited bleachers. We hope that some clever and, if necessary, not too scrupulous mathematician will without delay present a series of tables demonstrating that, despite appearances, the college man, when it comes to a test of throwing or catching a ball or sliding to a base, is as far ahead of his unschooled rivals as we once fondly believed him to be intellectually.

Attorney-General Wickersham has done a manly and a useful thing in protesting against the action of the executive committee of the American Bar Association which has voted to exclude from membership in the Association Assistant Attorney-General William H. Lewis, on the ground that Mr. Lewis is a negro. Mr. Wickersham speaks of the committee's "outrageous" action. It is difficult to say whether it is the outrageous injustice or the outrageous stupidity of such conduct that stands out most conspicuously. The committee should have foreseen that precisely such a protest as the Attorney-General has made would be forthcoming. Nothing in the Constitution of the American Bar Association sanctions such race discrimination, and if lawyers were not traditionally obtuse in the law when it comes home to them personally, the committee might have known that legal measures could be invoked against its arbitrary action.

Secretary Knox's speech at Panama may not have appealed strongly to Central American statesmen, but their poets must have been stirred by it. Not only

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did the Secretary let himself go in praise of their beautiful scenery, but he showed that he had given so much attention to the poetry related to the region that he was able not only to quote it but correct it. He cited the line—which, we believe, has been heard before—"Silent, upon a peak in Darien," but did not make the mistake, with Keats, of saying that it was "stout Cortez" who first "stared at the Pacific." The Secretary accurately made it Balboa. This is not bad for "Pittsburgh diplomacy."

Upon a clear issue between labor and capital concerning a question of wages, there has probably never been, in any country, so grave a situation as that which now presents itself in Great Britain, since the mere continuance of the coal strike for a few weeks, even if unaccompanied by violence or disorder, would so paralyze all the productive activities of the country as to inflict lasting injury of the most serious nature. As the London *Economist* put it, in a quiet and sober discussion of the situation two weeks ago: "A prolonged coal strike would kill the present trade boom, and reduce the country from the heights of prosperity to the depths of depression. . . . In two or three weeks' time the losses on both sides would pile up, and if months or years of bad trade followed the price of coal would suffer a permanent fall." In other words, the possibilities presented by the coal strike in its direct economic aspect comprise—apart from its immediate hardships—a general depression of British industry for years, carrying with it as an incidental consequence most serious loss both of profits to the mine-owners and of wages to the mine workers.

That the Government has been at its wits' end in dealing with this impending national calamity is plain enough. So far as the question of disorder is concerned, the indications are plain that the Government is determined to deal firmly with that aspect of the matter, should it come to the front. As for a minimum-wage law for coal-miners, it would not be the first step Parliament has taken in this direction. The Trade Boards act, which was passed in 1909, and went into effect January 1, 1910, created a Central Trade Board, with District Trade Committees working under it, the Trade Board having the power to fix minimum wages in certain specified industries, in which the "sweating" system prevailed. The mode of operation of this act, as indicated in official explanations of its intended working, is far removed from an arbitrary fixing of the minimum according to a preconceived standard. It was held to be essential to its successful working that there should be "a great flexibility of procedure, a treatment which would vary with the complexities of the particular trade, a wide discretion accorded to persons whose whole fortunes and interests were embarked in the trade affected, and the guidance at every stage of expert, impartial, and devoted officials." From the beginning thus made in the case of a few minor—though not unimportant—trades in which the workers were supposed to be peculiarly helpless, it would be a momentous step to pass to the Governmental establishment of a minimum wage in the basic industry of the kingdom.

Riotous violence by a branch of the English suffragists seems the more inexcusable coming as it did so soon after the great meeting in Albert Hall, where Mr. Lloyd George set forth the attitude of the Government and the Parliamentary outlook. He asserted that three-fourths of the Liberal party favor extending the suffrage to women. Two-thirds of the members of the Cabinet will vote in the House for the suffrage amendment. Yet it could not be made a Government measure at present, except on pain of breaking up the Cabinet and wrecking the party. Lloyd George declared that no statesman and no party can now form a Ministry to carry woman suffrage.

At the Economic Club dinner in New York last Thursday night, Mr. Shuster presented the tragic case of Persia in a few strong and simple words that went to the heart of every lover of liberty and justice, and every hater of iniquity and cold-blooded oppression, within the sound of his voice. Among the many international crimes that have been committed in these latter days, the despoiling of Persia, the ruthless crushing out of her aspirations in the face of so much merit shown by her people under circumstances of almost hopeless difficulty, stands out preëminent in infamy. It must be a source of pride to us in America that, in the forlorn-hope struggle of the Persians for right against unscrupulous and overwhelming might, a part so honorable and so inspiring was borne by one of our countrymen. How his work and his words have impressed able and high-minded Englishmen may be judged from this passage in the leading editorial of the London *Economist* of February 3, which was devoted to the subject:

> Mr. Shuster's speech on Monday at the dinner given in his honor by the Persian Committee struck those who heard it as one of the most memorable pronouncements to which they had ever listened. A complete absence of rancour, a grave simplicity of utterance, a combination of modesty and conviction, a detailed repudiation of the random charges and gossip of Russian officials and journalists, a generous yet discriminating testimony to the capacity and character of the Mejliss, made a deep impression on his audience. The tragic folly of his dismissal was intensified as he narrated and explained the steps he had taken to reorganize the finances of the country whose service he had entered. No one who saw and heard Mr. Shuster could doubt that in him Persia had found a man capable of evolving order from chaos, in complete loyalty both to his employers and to the rights and interests of Great Britain and Russia as recorded in the treaty of 1907.

The disorders at Peking and Tien-tsin, though laden with serious consequences if allowed to go unchecked, do not necessarily constitute a deep-seated crisis. The soldiers in ... apparently grown tired of waiting ... their pay. The same situation, in milder form, arose among the republican troops in the South only the other day, and it is to be presumed that if the financial stringency at Peking and elsewhere were relieved by a large foreign loan, there would be no great difficulty in bringing the mutiny to an end. Such explanations as that Yuan Shi-Kai instigated the mutiny in order to prepare the way for a dictatorship are fantastic. Should Yuan desert the republican cause he would have to reckon with the armies of the South, and the present situation certainly does not argue a condition of discipline among Yuan's soldiers that would enable him to make head against the well-led republican armies of that region. The present looting and assassination are to be regarded as part of the price that China must pay before her transition from the old to the new can be completed.

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WHAT ROOSEVELTISM MEANS.

When Mr. Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring the other day, he gave the signal for a contest the like of which has not been seen before in this country. It is not like the struggle between the Bryan wing and the anti-Bryan wing of the Democratic party; it is not like any contest in which Mr. Roosevelt himself has hitherto figured. To attempt to sum up its character in a word or a phrase would be quite impossible; for both on his side and on the opposing side there is a highly complex array of forces working together without any true bond of connection. It is none the less clear that at the heart of the Roosevelt movement of 1912 there is something absolutely distinctive, and something that in American politics is wholly novel.

It has long been a commonplace of political comment among us that Roosevelt has stolen Bryan's thunder; and it is quite true that in a certain way he stands in the shoes of the man whose radicalism, not many years ago, he denounced with unmeasured vehemence. But there is one aspect of Roosevelt's present candidacy, and that the most vital of all, to which Bryan's furnished no parallel. Bryan always had a paramount issue, or a batch of paramount issues, on which the salvation of the people depended; but, in spite of the wild enthusiasm he evoked, and the extraordinary hold he obtained over a large part of the nation, he never for a moment regarded himself, nor did his followers regard him, as a personal savior of the American people. It was free silver that was to rescue them from the clutches of the Gold Power; it was destruction of the Trusts that was to free them from the oppressions of monopoly; it was the initiative and referendum that were to work the restoration of pure democracy; it was guarantee of bank deposits that was to make panics impossible. Bryan appealed for the suffrages of the people on the ground that he was the champion of these measures, and on the ground that these measures were desperately necessary for the people's welfare. Never was there any claim, express or implied, that he carried in his own person a singular power, a unique virtue, through which the country was to be saved and without which it was doomed to ruin. But the very pith of the Roosevelt campaign of 1912, the thing that gives it life, the thing that will make it win if it is to win at all, is that upon Roosevelt personally our salvation depends; whether shouted from the housetops or only intimated or implied, the master-thought of the true Rooseveltian to-day is that only through placing Roosevelt once more in the Presidential chair can we stem the tide that is making for revolution.

Just at this moment, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt is placing in the forefront of his agitation the proposal that the decisions of the highest State courts on questions of constitutionality should be made subject to reversal by popular vote. But for the purpose of judging of the character of the Roosevelt movement, it is quite needless to go into the merits of that proposal. It has had nothing to do with the rise of Roosevelteism; it may or may not have anything to do with its future development. If he is looked upon as the hero of the Progressive cause, it is not because of his specific position on this or on any other radical issue. Upon not a single one of the great features of the Progressive programme, except that of conservation of natural resources, has he played the part of a pioneer or even of a leader. His attitude towards the Trusts is wholly different from that of the radicals; on the tariff he has been not far from a standpatter; on the initiative and referendum as definite practical propositions, his position is extremely canny; even in the matter of campaign contributions—surely a case of the dollar against the man—he is on record, in the very last months of his Administration, as opposing bitterly the publication of contributions before the election. What, then, is it that makes him seem, in the eyes of thousands of enthusiastic admirers, the very embodiment of progress, the pillar of a people's hope, the centre of a world's desire?

The answer is not far to seek. It has been furnished by Mr. Roosevelt himself, in scores of speeches and interviews. It burst forth in the first speeches he made in the West after his return from Africa. "I will make the corporations come to time," he declared in his rear-platform harangues. In his Ossawatomie speech, he put the matter into more substantial shape, when he spoke of the Executive as "the steward of the public welfare," and laid out a vague but sweeping programme of paternalism to show what a vast area he meant should be covered by that stewardship. His happy appropriation of the phrase of the "square deal" has furnished his followers with a convenient pocket edition of their gospel. It is not this or that measure that must be passed; not this or that policy that is to be promoted or stimulated. All the blessings that we seek are to be attained, all the burdens under which we groan are to be lifted, by the magic of the square deal, with Roosevelt, its inventor and custodian, in charge of the process. There are doubtless thousands of Rooseveltians throughout the country who imagine that the movements for child-labor laws, and for employers' liability, and for juvenile courts, and improved sanitation, which have been steadily spreading over the country for many years as a result of the earnest endeavors of many devoted men and women, owe their existence, somehow or other, to the virtue of Roosevelt, and that progress will come to an end if he should disappear from the scene. But there is another thing far more serious. For the whole trend of the Roosevelt gospel is towards the belief that the deep-seated causes of unrest and discontent can be removed by the crude processes of a Rooseveltian square deal. To elect him would mean, to thousands of enthusiasts, the sending forth of a champion armed to the teeth, to destroy the dragons of injustice and inequality, and allay the clamors of the poor and discontented.

To find the nearest analogue to this phenomenon we have to go to the French Republic in its dark days. It is not a personal comparison we are making; we would not be understood to say that between Col. Roosevelt and Gen. Boulanger there is any resemblance whatever, either as to character or ability. But between Boulangism and Rooseveltism there is a very close resemblance indeed. The sentiment that rallies to Roosevelt as the necessary savior of the Republic is essentially of the same type as that which made "le brav' Général" for a time the idol of millions of Frenchmen. The test to which the American people are now about to be put is a test not of their judgment as to particular measures, nor even as to particular men; it is a

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test of their sobriety as a nation. Has the country come to such a pass that it must turn for rescue to a savior of the Republic? Has this nation, of whose institutions, of whose prosperity, of whose history, it was the custom of Americans, only a few years ago, to be so proud—has it suddenly been discovered to be in such dire straits that its salvation hangs on the heroic virtues of a single champion? France found she did not need her Boulanger; are we to confess that we are in worse case now than she was a generation ago?

IMPROVING THE JUDICIARY.

To a "looker-on in Vienna" the most interesting thing about the agitation for the recall of judges in our country must be neither the crudeness of the proposal nor the fact that it has made some headway, but rather the fact that it has thus far shown so little sign of being regarded with approval by any considerable part of the American people. It has behind it a number of the forces that usually make for popularity. Among these not the least important, though perhaps the least spoken of, is the fact that now for a number of years the actual working of our judicial machinery has been the subject of emphatic, and indeed vehement, criticism at the hands of the weightiest representatives of sober and conservative opinion. President Taft himself, whom it is the fashion of the moment, in certain quarters, to regard as the most benighted of reactionaries, declared two or three years ago that American criminal procedure is so defective and so far behind that of other countries as to be a disgrace to the nation; and in some respects his criticism of matters connected with our civil procedure was only less harsh than this. He has several times since taken occasion to reiterate these strictures; and in doing so he was but giving the authority of his high office to judgments that have been pronounced by leading members of the bench and bar.

Again, the picture which ardent agitators have drawn of outrageous conditions existing in certain special cases—such as that of California, for example—was naturally calculated to make a very effective appeal to the imagination. The best friends of the judiciary, so the thought may be supposed to have run, admit that there is urgent need of reform; but they are only mincing matters—look here, and here, and here, if you wish to see the actual truth. So there was the grievance, big and spectacular enough to make a popular issue. And as for the remedy, it had just that naïve simplicity that is so calculated to win the favor of the populace. Let us get right down to the people, and we are sure to be all right. We know, to begin with, that the people are sound to the core. If courts and judges are not what they should be, it must be because we have not faithfully adhered to the democratic principle in the matter of the judiciary. Let us throw open the doors and windows and let in the fresh air of the popular will. That is the sovereign cure for all ills of the body politic; to doubt that it has virtue to effect the cure of this disease is to distrust democracy itself and be false to American ideals. We will make the judges created by the people subject to recall by the people. Then we shall have judges that are honest, efficient, expeditious, and methods of procedure that satisfy all the requirements of justice.

Nevertheless, it may be asserted without the slightest hesitation that an overwhelming majority of the American electorate has remained unmoved by the plea and is resolutely opposed to any such tampering with our judicial system. To say this is only to say that the American people are still, as they have been throughout their history, a sober people. They believe in democracy, but they do not believe that there resides in democracy a magic power to dissolve all the difficulties, to disentangle all the intricacies, of life. No specious juggling of phrases can suffice to convince them that the simple process of occasionally recalling a judge whom the people disapprove can be made a substitute for the patient, intelligent, and arduous work that is necessary for establishing a stronger judiciary and a better judicial procedure. And we cannot but think that there is enough left of our "ancient humor," of hard-headed Yankee shrewdness, to see the inherent absurdity of the recall of judges. The idea that we can procure for the bench a body of able, impartial, self-assertive, and independent judges by the childish expedient of once in a while thrusting out with ignominy one whom the people wish to get rid of is hardly calculated to appeal to the average American's business intelligence.

It happens, too, that in countries where the status of the judiciary is precisely the opposite of that which the advocates of the recall are seeking to bring about, no such complaints are heard as those which form the basis of this agitation. The English and the Canadian courts, with their judges appointed and holding for life, are accused neither of inefficiency nor of favoritism. Their work is done with effectiveness and dispatch. As for procedure, at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign judicial methods in England were encumbered with technicalities and absurdities to a degree far greater than anything we know here; and these were got rid of within a few decades, not by the application of any cheap nostrum, but by determined and intelligent effort on the part of those who knew the business they were dealing with. What we need here we shall not get at any less price. Improvements in procedure will be attained, if attained at all, by the twofold process of carefully framed laws directed to that end and of judges chosen according to a higher popular standard and under conditions more calculated to attract the best type of men to the bench. Not by the threat of discharge, such as might be held over a department-shop clerk, but by the amplest recognition of the dignity and independence of the post, can we hope to cause the kind of man whom we ought to seek for every place on the bench to be willing or anxious to accept its responsibilities. Democracy has great virtues, but there is nothing in its charter which repeals the laws of human nature; and until those laws have been repealed we can never hope to elevate the quality of the judiciary by lowering its status and authority.

FREE SUGAR AND AN INCOME TAX.

The bills approved by the caucus of House Democrats for making sugar free and taxing incomes above $5,000, came as a genuine surprise. The secret of their preparing had been well kept. They have been hailed as a great party stroke. Already the political advantages to be gained by the Democrats are confidently reckoned up. But it is a general rule in politics that surprises and great strokes lead to disap-

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pointment. The surprise is as apt to prove disagreeable as of the other sort; and the stroke may easily wound the party which thinks to inflict it upon the other. Any proposal for a radical change of policy, particularly in the matter of taxation, has to be considered not only as a matter of immediate impressions, but of ultimate judgment; not merely the tactics but the consequences must be taken into the reckoning. Viewed in this larger way, there seems reason to doubt the wisdom of these latest fiscal bills of the House Democrats.

So far as boldness goes in attacking a protective duty which has come to have the air of a vested right, the plan to put sugar, both raw and refined, upon the free list deserves praise. The proposal was adopted over the vehement protests of Democratic Representatives from Louisiana and Colorado, speaking for cane-growers and the producers of sugar beets. But their local interest was disregarded, as every local interest should be when it conflicts with a broad and sound national policy. For this display of the true spirit that should animate tariff framers, Mr. Underwood and those who stood with him merit commendation. We cannot get a justifiable system of tariff taxes until they are made to fit national conditions and general demands, with parochial and even private back-yard appeals ruled out.

But if tariff duties are to be levied for revenue only, we must be very careful about laying a rude hand upon a schedule which is confessedly a great revenue-producer. The sugar taxes bring in more than $50,000,000 a year. That fact is one which must bulk large with any man responsible for making up the national budget. He may not like the incidental protection that goes with the tax, and may resent the insolent and threatening attitude of those who benefit by it, but still there stands the large contribution to the Treasury. He may rightly think of sugar as now a universal necessary of life and desire to reduce its cost to millions; but if he is a statesman more than a politician he will not run off with the taking cry of a "free breakfast table" until he has discovered some way in which the deficiency in revenue may be made good.

It is only fair to Mr. Underwood to say that he has consistently maintained the correct attitude in this matter. Both last year and this, in the drafting and presentation of tariff bills, he has kept steadily in mind the need of supplying the government with funds for carrying it on. And it is in keeping with this position that he now admits the necessity of making good the $50,000,000 of revenue which would be cut off by abolishing the duty on sugar. Hence the proposal of an income tax. That would seem a natural alternative, if the enactment of such a tax were clearly legal, but suppose it turns out that you are only enacting a lawsuit? Lawsuits yield no public revenue, as was unhappily discovered in 1895 when the income-tax measure of the Wilson tariff was taken into the courts. And the present plan would inevitably be so taken. About it there is an air of attempting something irregular, or at least unforeseen. The excise tax on the doing of business which the Supreme Court has held legal in the case of corporations, is somehow to be extended to partnerships and to individuals. But the whole thing is confessedly uncertain, and has the appearance of fumbling at a big problem. It is virtually certain that we shall some day have an income-tax in this country. The Constitutional amendment making it unquestionably legal is in a fair way to be ratified. And if we are to have the tax at all we ought to have it in a definite form, with the law drawn broadly and carefully, instead of by means of a device that looks very like a quibble, and in a halting measure which might be oppressive and unjust to some and which would surely leave many of the large incomes untaxed. Even convinced advocates of a straight-out income tax will not like this "excise," which is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring.

Over and above such considerations there rises another. It is that the Democrats in Congress are not, in these measures, impressing the country as steady or entirely sincere. They seem to be feeling about for a fetching political issue, rather than laying their real political programme before the people. It is scarcely pretended now that the bills for making sugar free and for levying a disguised income tax can pass both houses and get the President's signature. There is too much the impression of something having been advanced for political effect, not for serious legislation. This was not the case with the other tariff bills which the Democrats have favored and put through the House. They may not have expected them to become law, but at least they were ready to make them law, and if the Democrats were to be put in complete power next year, there can be no reasonable doubt that such reductions of duty as their party has committed itself to in the items of wool and steel and cotton and chemicals would, in fact, become law. With these latest proposals the look of things is different. They do not have the appearance of mature consideration. They seem to be more like political experiments than deliberate legislation. And in our opinion they will not do the party any good, since they will make it appear not sure of its ground and disposed to be flighty. And if there is anything the Democrats need to do, in order to regain the confidence of the country, it is to show themselves calm and cautious and sure-footed.

REPORT OF THE FACTORY COMMISSION.

The dreadful loss of life in the Triangle Waist Company fire of a year ago brought home to the people of New York, as nothing else could have done, the lack of proper exercise of the police power of the State in safeguarding the lives of industrial workers. The most superficial examination revealed the fact that the loss of life could have been prevented, in fact that the fire itself would probably never have taken place, if the simplest precautions had been in force in this factory. If smoking had been prevented, the cigarette which started this fire would not have been lighted and thrown into the pile of waste. If the waste had been properly disposed of in fireproof receptacles, the fire could not have spread with such tremendous velocity. If an automatic sprinkler system had been installed, the fire would have been put out before it got any headway. If the workers had not been so crowded together and the aisles so clogged by their chairs and machines, the panic would not have started and the exits would not have been clogged. If the exits had been properly marked, open, and brought to the attention of the workers by signs and fire-drills, the workers would have

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been able to escape from the fire in greater numbers and the loss of life would have been much reduced, even if the other precautions had been omitted. These facts were brought out at the time of the fire. It was also recognized at that time that the conditions in this factory were typical of the conditions throughout the city and State in numerous other factories. Not only this, but the community awoke to a consideration of its neglect of other matters besides the fire hazard which are the proper subject of police protection.

It was a recognition of these conditions that led the Legislature of 1911 to appoint a commission to investigate the factories in this State. The report of the Commission has just been made to the Legislature. It is a valuable piece of work. It takes its place in the same class with the report of the Employers' Liability Commission to the New York State Legislature and the report on railway securities to the President. It is a matter of congratulation that such work as this can be obtained by the State as a matter of patriotic duty instead of for gain. The commissioners included two Senators, three Assemblymen, and four private citizens, all of whom served without pay. Their counsel, who, of course, bore the great burden of the work, was Mr. A. I. Elkus, and he also served without compensation; and many of the experts upon whom the Commission had to depend for help, such as Dr. George M. Price and Dr. H. F. Porter and others, gave their services virtually free.

This preliminary report of the Commission covers only three months' work and is remarkable for the great range of subjects which it treats, for the clearness and simplicity with which it presents the problems, and for the definiteness with which it makes recommendations for new legislation. The subjects treated are fire hazard, factory inspection, sanitation, occupational diseases, bakeries, manufacturing in tenements, employment of women and children, and foundries. At first sight, one might suppose it was a mistake to turn over to one commission an investigation covering such a multiplicity of problems. What possible relationship has fire hazard to the employment of women and children, or to foundries? The answer is that legislation on each and every one of these different subjects depends for its validity upon the exercise by the State of its police powers. Acts have been passed from time to time in New York dealing with one or another of the problems considered by this Commission. For instance, tenement manufacturing has been the subject of legislation, there has been an effort to regulate the hours of women by legislation, and manufacturing in bakeries has also been the subject of legislative enactment. In each case, the legislation has met with Constitutional objections, which have led the Court of Appeals to declare the acts in part or in whole void. To overcome these Constitutional objections, it is essential that the act should be a valid exercise of the police power. In other words, the purpose of the act must be to promote the health, safety, and welfare of the people of the State, and the means provided in the act must be clearly adapted to this end. The Commission believes that in each of these cases legislation can be devised which will meet the Constitutional requirements, but that much more time and study must be given to the problems. It therefore does not now make definite recommendations on these lines, but asks to have its time extended.

The report does, however, make definite recommendations for new legislation in regard to many of the subjects investigated. In connection with the fire hazard, it recommends legislation to concentrate the responsibility for State inspection, to compel factories to put in fireproof receptacles, enclose and protect gas lights and prevent smoking, to enable the Fire Department to compel fire drills in factories, to require the installation of automatic sprinklers in factories where more than two hundred people are employed and the factories are above seven stories in height, to increase the protection afforded by exits and fire escapes, and to regulate the number of workers that may be employed in one of these factories. The specific legislation proposed in relation to this last point is perhaps the most important of the Commission's recommendations.

In this branch of its investigation, as well as in other branches, the Commission has but marked out the field and ploughed the ground. Attention is called to the necessity of a building code and there is valuable comment on the subject of occupational diseases. The evils of tenement manufacturing are thoroughly considered, and the question of the employment of women and children is discussed with care and ability. But on these subjects the Commission refrains from making definite recommendations. The problem of the legislation to be recommended is, of course, the most serious task of the Commission. Our statute books are full of laws on these subjects to-day which are not adequately enforced, or which are actually incapable of enforcement, and in addition to the difficulty of meeting Constitutional limitations, the Commission must meet the greater difficulty of imparting enforceability to the legislation recommended by it. A striking illustration of this is found in the fact that up to now there has been no provision for registering factories in New York, and hundreds of factories are started whose existence is unknown to the Department whose duty it is to inspect them under our present laws. The Commission makes recommendations looking towards the remedy of this evil by providing that all factories shall be registered, and by concentrating the responsibility of inspections, which is now divided among many departments; but even more than this is needed.

It is a satisfaction to learn that both branches of the Legislature have passed a bill continuing the Commission for another year and making the necessary appropriation.

THE COMPLETE SUBURBANITE.

The commuter and his problems have been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented. The mass of literature on the subject may be divided into two types. One treats of the commuter as essentially a comic individual who brings paper parcels into town in the morning and carries lawn-mowers into the country at night. The other type depicts the commuter as a man who, setting out with fifty eggs and an incubator, violates every law of economic science by the prodigious speed with which he grows wealthy. It would be hard to say which type of literature has done the cause of the commuter more harm, the satiric article which describes him as a man with parcels clinging to the rear platform of an outgoing train, or the bouncing optimistic article which tells how a boy may be sent

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through college on twenty hens a year. Such stuff is obviously written for urban consumption; it is intended for that large body of straphangers which at regular intervals hears the call of the soil and is allured by independence in a truck-garden, but then shrinks from the prospect of carrying paper parcels into town.

The commuter may be sufficiently defined as a citizen who digs in a garden and detests railway presidents. This sentiment may vary from instinctive dislike to consuming hatred, but in some form it is always present. The attitude, one is bound to admit, is in one important respect unjustified; and paradoxical as it may seem, the slower the trains on the commuter's road, the less reason is there for resentment. For it is largely because he travels on a road which might carry him faster than it actually does that the commuter is made valuable to himself, the State, and the nation. Those two prolonged journeys every day give him the necessary leisure for contemplation that the man in the city, clinging to a strap and wedged in between two men bigger than himself, is entirely deprived of.

The results are obvious. As for the city man, the only way in which he can forget the misery of his situation is to plunge into a furious reading of one newspaper after another, with the primary object of obtaining, not information, but oblivion. The opportunity to read slowly, to pause, to reflect, and to digest what one has read, is to be had only in a comfortable seat on a comparatively slow train; and every disarrangement of the schedule only contributes to this educational process. There are commuters—those who have just moved out to the country—who do indulge in fair dreams of wealth in connection with their poultry-yards, as we have described, but such flights of fancy are invariably reserved for the quiet hour on the train. Once at home, there is no nonsense in the business. The daily trip is the commuter's opportunity for a *Katharsis* that makes men sensible.

This regular adventure in the realm of fancy followed by a regular return to the world of fact, makes the commuter an ideal citizen. On the train he dreams and ponders. In the garden he works. He thus combines in himself an intelligent progressivism and an intelligent conservatism. The man who has by patient labor brought forth the flower from the seed and the tree from the sapling, will not be carried off his feet by the quack economist and the dealer in political nostrums. He knows that peach trees cannot be made to grow by coming out loudly for the recall of the San José scale or the leaf-blight. He knows that vegetable gardens do not flourish when we solemnly reassert the superiority of human rights over the rights of the potato-bug. He knows that the earth will not yield its increase by the mere declaration of undying enmity against rust and brown-rot. Patient digging and delving, ceaseless labor with the watering-can and the hose, patient and remorseless warfare with the arsenic spray, the knife, and the shears—these are the methods by which garden-patches and orchards are kept in condition and the increasing demands of the family are provided for. When somebody sends the commuter a catalogue with miracles in it, he takes it with him on the train and thinks it over.

He has thus retained the antique virtues, this suburban citizen of ours, and added to them conquests of the modern spirit. In his hesitating, plodding way, he beats down the resistance of an ungrateful soil and surmounts the difficulties of ferry travel in winter. Railway presidents are afraid of him. They may mock at him, revile him, tell him he is unprofitable traffic and is not wanted; but they end by making excuses about terminal facilities and delays incident to regrading and electrification. He has his dreams of wealth, of the time when he may give up his desk in the city and put in ten hours a day on his land. But it is doubtful whether at heart he desires to grow rich. For in his present situation he realizes the ideal of the Sabine farm, that alternation of life close to nature and life close to Broadway which only millionaires with a prodigious income and poets without any income at all are able to realize.

GEORG BRANDES AT SEVENTY.

BERGEN, Norway, February 14.

The eminent Danish literary critic, Georg Brandes, celebrated his seventieth birthday on February 4, and was greeted as the great master and leader of the intellectual world in articles and speeches all over the Scandinavian countries. It makes a strange impression to see papers which forty years ago indulged in the vilest abuse, now joining in the praise of his life work, and to hear individuals who formerly compared him to the devil now adore him as a demi-god. It reminds one of the impressions of Edmund Gosse expressed in his "Two Visits to Denmark, 1872-1874." Giving an account of his relations with Brandes during his visit to Denmark in the latter year, the English critic writes:

> It was difficult to account for the repulsion and even terror of Georg Brandes which I heard expressed around me whenever his name came up in the course of general conversation. At the present day we have grown to be so lax and so indulgent to opinions that it is not easy for us to reconstruct, even in imagination, the indignant zealotry of earlier times. That universal suspicion, that scurrilous abuse, of Shelley, which prevailed about 1819, which culminated in the poet's being knocked down by an English bully in the post office of Pisa, and which were reflected in the loathsome insinuations of the *Quarterly Review*—these are the nearest parallel which I can think of to the way in which Brandes was shunned and maligned in Copenhagen in 1874.

But things have changed in the course of these forty years, and the mind and heart of the Scandinavian peoples have been widely liberalized. It is Brandes's enduring merit to have brought about this change and to have "set thoughts free" in religion, morals, patriotism, and literature.

On the occasion of the festival the well-known Gyldendalske Forlag (Gyldendal's publishing firm) put out a new and splendidly illustrated edition (Jubilee Edition) of one of Brandes's most famous works, the study of Shakespeare. At the same time was initiated at the Royal Library of Copenhagen a so-called Brandes Archive (Georg Brandes Arkivet), containing books by and on Brandes, letters, manuscripts, and so forth. On this occasion the chairman of the Danish Authors' Society, Otto Benzon, paid a high tribute to the genius of Brandes, concluding as follows:

> So we transfer to the Royal Library the Georg Brandes Archive, not as a valuable gift only, but as a monument of a man, a significant man, who, by knowledge and clearsightedness, threw new light on many things, a courageous man, who disinterestedly fought for what he thought just and against what he thought unjust, a good Danish man, who did honor to his country. . . . Seventy years old, this knight-errant now stands in the arena, dauntless as ever. We wish that for a long time he may stand so.

A Danish periodical, *Tilskueren* (The Spectator), to which Brandes for many years has been a frequent contributor, put out a special Brandes number, containing many valuable and interesting

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studies on the critic. Brandes also received a more official recognition of his work in the shape of the so-called "medal of merit in gold," bestowed upon him by the Danish King on the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Department.

In Norway appeared a handsomely printed book of greetings from prominent Norwegian men and women, "Georg Brandes, 1842-1912, from Norway on the Septuagesimal Day." The greetings vary in length from a single line to several pages, and are chiefly concerned with the immense influence Brandes exerted on individual development as well as on national life. The work opens with a characteristic note by the author, Knut Hamsun, in which he praises Brandes as the ever young and courageous champion; and is followed by contributions from such men as Gunnar Heiberg, Christian Krohg, J. Lövland, Christian Sinding, and Gerhard Gran. A few of the utterances may be worth quoting. The poet Gunnar Heiberg says: "As a young man, I chose two teachers, Johan Sverdrup and Georg Brandes. The former maintained Norway for the Norwegians. Georg Brandes taught me Europe for Norway. I never repented my choice." The author Johan Bojer finishes a two-page article with the following words: "And now he is seventy years old. In the Germanic and Slavic world his name started like a banner, then it became a culture—now it has formed a generation." The late Minister of Foreign Affairs, J. Lövland, says in part: "For the disposition, the fidelity, the farsightedness, the courage, and the rich influence he has shown in his many fights for liberty, he deserves the thanks and homage of all nations."

The Swedish periodicals and newspapers paid an equally high tribute to his genius. From England he received an address expressing admiration of his work and good wishes for the coming years, signed by fifty representatives of the world of English literature and art. From the Danish colonies in London, Manchester, Newcastle, and Edinburgh were sent telegrams to their illustrious countryman.

In strict accordance with his nature, Brandes fled from the country to avoid all the festivals and personal homage which he knew to be in store for him if he stayed at home. He went to Paris, where he spent his birthday in simplicity and tranquillity, refusing an invitation from the Scandinavian Society of that city to attend a banquet in his honor. A couple of days later he delivered a lecture in Paris for the benefit of a poor old newspaperwoman, whom he had come across on a street-corner near his hotel.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Henry de Quincey, writing to his brother Thomas in 1808, says: "I send this by Mr. Harden, and should have come myself if it had not rained so. I folded it well in paper, that he might not see the redness of the cover through it and thereby judge what it was." On this letter Thomas inscribes this grim "mem.—The book was 'The Simpliciad' by Mr. Mant, a poor Oxford Fool."

The author thus emphatically condemned was Richard Mant, born in 1776, who matriculated at Oxford in 1793, became a fellow of Oriel in 1798, M.A. in 1800, and D.D. in 1815. After holding several benefices he was appointed Bishop of Killaloe in 1820, Bishop of Down and Connor in 1823, of Dromore in 1842, and died November 2, 1848. Probably if de Quincey had been favored with a prophetic glimpse of the career of the man so unfavorably characterized he would have framed his judgment in a milder phrase. And if he had said that Mant was the writer of a foolish work—it is really only a pamphlet of 51 pages—it would not be easy to say very much to the purpose against such a verdict. But in 1808 Mant did but give expression to the poor foolishness of a large proportion of the British reading public. The booklet is now rare, and its authorship is little known. Even in the British Museum Catalogue it is shrouded in anonymity. The title page reads:

THE
SIMPLICIAD;
a satirico-didactic
Poem.
Containing
hints for the scholars of the
new school,
suggested by Horace's Art of Poetry,
and improved by a contemplation of the
works
of
the first masters.
Simplex munditiis.—Horace.
Undecked save with herself.—Milton.
London: Printed for John Joseph Stockdale, No. 41 Pall Mall. 1808. 12mo.

The dedication, with its flimsy pretext of concealment by the omission of vowels, is "To Messrs. W-ll - - m W-rdsw-rth, R-b-rt S--th-y and S. T. C-l-r-dg-." Precise references, with extracts, are given to the writings of the three poetic revolutionaries. The critic acknowledges that it was his intention to ridicule the "new and anti-classical school," but protests that he has used no exaggeration and that, indeed, the school is "incapable of caricature." He disclaims all malignity, and closes a dedication of a very unusual kind in these words:

With the friends of humanity and virtue I venerate your humane feelings and your virtuous principles: with the generality of our countrymen, I acknowledge and admire your talents: but at the same time, with most men of discernment and cultivated minds, I lament the degradation of your genius, and deprecate the propagation of your perverted taste.

Such was the attitude of a man of classical culture and of some poetic impulse ten years after the appearance of the "Lyrical Ballads." To him the three are only

Poets who fix their visionary sight
On sparrow's eggs in prospect of delight,
With fervent welcome greet the glowworm's flame,
Put it to bed and bless it by its name;
Hunt waterfalls, that gallop down the hills;
And dance with dancing, laughing daffodills;
Or measure muddy ponds from side to side,
And find them three feet long and two feet wide;
Poets with brother lark or brother robin fly,
And flutter with half-brother butterfly;
To woodland shades with liberty repair,
And scorn with pious sneer the House of Pray'r:
Of apostolic daisies learn to think,
Draughts from their urns of true devotion drink:
Woo with fond languishment their chymic maids,
Pray for their spaniels; consecrate their spades;
Whine over tattered cloaks or ragged breeches
And moralize with gatherers of leeches.

Wordsworth's small celandine is very harshly handled, and of course no mercy is shown to Coleridge's young ass. But the critic praises a "feeling" poem in which Southey "invoked revenge for bleeding Afric's wrong," and warmly commends Wordsworth's "festal strain to good Lord Clifford's praise." However, he cannot endure to hear of

Goodies who boil their pottage one and one
By the same fire; and some who live alone;
Beggars on lies and impudence who thrive
And cottage girls who don't know seven from five.
. . . . . .
Such subjects are original, 'tis true;
But then they're very poor and paltry too.
And thro' the frame so swiftly venom speeds,
So hard it is to purge a field from weeds,
'Tis chance but themes like these infect your style,
Debase your thoughts, and make your language vile.

He is deeply pained that the three revolutionaries are not content with the metres of Milton, Thomson, Cowper, Pope, Gray, and Dryden, but must

. . . rummage Percy's Reliques;
In sapphics limp, or amble in dactylics,
Trip it in Ambrose Philips trochaics;
In dithyrambics vault; or hobble in prosaics.

Wordsworth's Goody Blake, Betty Foy, and Alice Fell, and Southey's "blear-eyed collier Moll" are singled out for especial blame.

"The Simpliciad" is included in the list of the Bishop's writings in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* (January, 1849), and is also mentioned in the biography by Archdeacon Edward Berens. It is interesting to note that in one of his latest publications, Bishop Mant quotes Wordsworth's sonnet on the "Decay of Piety." His objection to "the anti-classical school," whom he had satirized in his earlier days, was perhaps not inveterate. So far as the Bishop is remembered at all by this generation, it is as a hymn-writer. "When all Bishop Mant's translations, original hymns, and versions of the Psalms in common use are taken into account, it is found that he is somewhat strongly represented in modern hymnology," says Dr. John Julian, in his "Dictionary of Hymnology."

From this bibliographical excursion we may conclude that Richard Mant at thirty-two and Thomas de Quincey at twenty-two were both somewhat rash in their judgments. No great stress can be laid upon a private memorandum written on a private letter, but Mant's anonymous diatribe was more serious. Mant's tract is worth the attention of the growing tribe of Coleridge collectors, for while he names one piece by Southey and one by Wordsworth of which he approves, he has no word of praise for S. T. C. In the year 1808, when "The Simpliciad" was published, Coleridge had been known for ten years as the author of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner"! As to this poem, one of the greatest in the English language, Mant is absolutely silent. Such are the perils of the conventional when confronted by genius.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

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LIBRARY CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK STATE.

The annual report on libraries, just submitted by the education department to the State Legislature, continues unbroken the remarkable record of growth which these reports have shown for the last nineteen years, ever since the present library law was enacted. The report is based on returns from 1,390 different libraries, which have a total stock of 9,718,899 volumes in their collections, and a circulation of 21,483,996. These figures show a gain over the preceding year of forty-five in the number of libraries reporting, and of 940,635 in the annual issue of books, but a decrease of 375,347 in the stock of books, the decrease being due entirely to the destruction by fire of the State Library last March. Since 1893 the number of libraries in the State has more than doubled, the number of books has increased threefold, and the circulation has increased sevenfold. Even since 1906, when many thought that library expansion had for a time at least about reached its limit, there has been a gain of 124 in the number of libraries, 1,000,000 in the stock of books, and above 6,000,000 in the circulation. For the whole population of the State there is now an annual average issue of 2.2 books for each person, or about ten books for each household.

The following table gives summaries of annual reports for the past nineteen years:

Year.	No. of libraries.	Volumes—Added.	Volumes—Total.	Circulation.
1893 ...	600	225,195	3,851,943	3,136,602
1894 ...	704	246,751	4,133,378	3,619,178
1895 ...	723	258,741	4,392,999	4,156,744
1896 ...	806	296,498	4,647,661	5,008,402
1897 ...	869	324,687	4,934,889	5,814,470
1898 ...	938	373,615	5,393,106	7,248,249
1899 ...	985	441,964	5,846,519	8,372,888
1900 ...	1,035	483,551	6,217,980	8,760,678
1901 ...	1,137	616,941	6,796,241	10,227,735
1902 ...	1,137	464,751	6,975,540	10,984,625
1903 ...	1,160	435,898	7,415,376	11,839,828
1904 ...	1,140	456,904	7,700,367	12,219,458
1905 ...	1,243	488,996	8,164,686	13,266,779
1906 ...	1,266	552,292	8,890,485	14,992,354
1907 ...	1,282	558,331	9,355,121	16,575,161
1908 ...	1,301	608,044	9,963,235	17,630,413
1909 ...	1,306	720,954	9,957,225	19,916,346
1910 ...	1,345	.....	10,094,246	20,542,355
1911 ...	1,390	683,656	9,718,899	21,482,990

Of the 1,390 libraries reporting, 845 belong to high schools and academies, and offer only a limited service to the general public, 53 belong to other institutions and are used mainly for institutional purposes, 51 are subscription or circulating libraries independent of the education department, and 440 are free public libraries belonging to the State library system, and entitled to the various forms of State aid provided for that purpose. Of the total circulation from free libraries, amounting to more than 20,000,000 a year, all but 939,000 or more than 95 per cent. are credited to the 440 libraries registered by the regents and under their general supervision.

The amount of State money distributed directly to public libraries last year was $31,628, divided among 362 libraries which qualified and applied for the grant, an average of $87 to each library so benefited. This direct grant by the State of $31,628 compares with a total of $1,590,000 raised during the year for free libraries by local taxation, the State contributing less than 2 per cent. of the annual cost of the public library system.

The number of public libraries now supported or aided by local taxation is 299, an increase of 18 above the preceding year; and the total amount of taxation for libraries shows an increase for the year of $86,337. Notwithstanding the large and steady increase in the number of places providing tax support for their libraries, the increase in the number of libraries is proceeding at a still more rapid rate, and there are now 190 free libraries chartered by the State depending entirely for their local support on voluntary contributions and endowments, as compared with 165 such libraries two years ago.

Charters were granted during the past year to 13 new libraries, and 10 libraries or branches were brought into relations with the education department by official registry, making an increase of 23 in the number of free libraries in the State system. Of the new enterprises reported, by far the most important is the public library provided for by act of Legislature for the city of Rochester. Ten thousand dollars was appropriated by the city for initial expenses in organizing the system, and plans have been adopted for a large and comprehensive development.

Naturally, library support and library extension have reached their fullest development in the cities. All of the cities of the State, with the exception of two which are in a sense parts of other cities, are now in possession of free library facilities, and all but eight appropriate public money for library support. While the cities have 74 per cent. of the population of the State, they are credited with 85 per cent. of the library circulation and 96 per cent. of the library tax. But, in view of all the conditions making for the growth of the cities at the expense of the country, library progress outside the cities is, perhaps, even more encouraging and remarkable than that within the cities. Thus, for the population of the State living in villages or the open country, numbering 2,386,599, there are 306 registered free libraries, having 1,483,429 volumes, and an annual circulation of 3,090,915. These figures applying to but 26 per cent. of the State's population, and that widely scattered, equal or exceed the figures reported for the whole State, including the cities, in 1895, and the average per capita supply and issue of books to people outside the cities is now three times as great as for the whole State at that date. That but 4 per cent. of the amount raised for libraries by tax is credited to villages and hamlets, means both that these libraries are managed with extreme economy, and that their support is supplied largely from gifts, endowments, and voluntary service. But, as noted above, the principle of public taxation for library support is making rapid progress in the towns and villages, and there are now 85 more such places voting an annual library tax than six years ago.

The annual appropriation for libraries by cities varies from more than a million dollars to three hundred. Twelve cities in the State appropriate each $10,000 or more for this purpose, as follows: New York, $1,192,790; Buffalo, $99,950; Syracuse, $40,500; Utica, $24,000; Albany, $12,600; Yonkers, $12,500; New Rochelle, $11,000; Poughkeepsie, $10,740; Binghamton and Mt. Vernon, each $10,200; Rochester and Schenectady, each $10,000.

Estimating total city appropriations in terms of circulation, New York city pays 9 cents for each volume issued, Buffalo 10, Syracuse 14, Utica 13, Albany 4, Yonkers 6, New Rochelle 8, Poughkeepsie 9, Binghamton 7, Mount Vernon 7, Schenectady 7. It must be remembered, however, that the average cost per volume of issue is no final test of relative efficiency, as libraries differ so widely in the emphasis on reference work.

Forty-five libraries of the State were benefited during the year by gifts or bequests, each valued at $100 or more, the more important being: One hundred thousand dollars left to Rochester by will of M. W. Rundell for a library and fine arts building; $95,000 to New Rochelle from Andrew Carnegie for a library building; $50,000 to Washingtonville by will of David A. Moffat; $29,000 to the Library Association of Friendship by will of Mrs. Mary Pitt; $26,000 to Ossining from Andrew Carnegie for library building; $25,000 to Corning from Andrew Carnegie; $18,000 to Nunda from Mrs. G. H. Lewis; $10,000 to New York City from Mrs. Russell Sage for fire-house libraries; $10,000 to the library of the New York Bar Association, by will of Samuel Riker; $10,000 to Rockville Centre by Andrew Carnegie.

The following libraries have completed and occupied new buildings during the year: New York Public, Library of the American Geographical Society, New York City, Hornell Public, Bolivar Free, Frankfort Free, Richfield Springs Public, Sherburne Public, Theresa Free, Union Springs Free, and West Hebron Free. Three of these were provided by gift of Mr. Carnegie, three by local subscriptions, two by gifts from interested patrons, one by city bonds, and one by accumulated funds of the corporation. In addition to the branch libraries in Greater New York, there are now in the State 34 library buildings contributed by Mr. Carnegie, and 120 provided by other individual donors. There are 288 buildings in the State erected and devoted entirely to library purposes, which, together with their sites, represent a valuation of about $47,300,000.

Correspondence

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the object of the kindly admonitions of "J. H." in your issue of February 1, may I say that I suppose no person of intelligence would be likely to differ with him when he remarks: "One should not take a single sentence out of its allegorical context, and accept it literally because the literal meaning happens to suit more modern sentiments, which had no place in Bernard's ascetic mind"—provided always that they *had* no place in his mind, which is precisely the point at issue. "Moreover," says our mentor, "it is easy to show that St. Bernard had no eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses." And his proof is that the old Latin life of St. Bernard ascribes to him the statement that in the woods and fields he had no masters except the oaks and beeches!

Among the works printed by Dr. Eales in his translation as St. Bernard's is one concerning the site of the abbey of Clairvaux ("Life and Works of Saint Bernard," II, 460-467). The reader shall judge from a few extracts whether St. Bernard had "no

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eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses." Here we are told of—

the sturdy oak which salutes the heavens with its lofty top, the graceful lime-tree which spreads its arms, the ash-tree, whose wood is so elastic and easily split, or the leafy beech.

Later he speaks of—

the verdant bank of a pool filled with pure and running water, where they can watch the sports of the little fish in water clear as crystal, which swim to and fro in shoals like marching armies;

which seems like an anticipation of Tennyson's

> . . . like a shoal
> Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
> Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
> Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand.

Not less beautiful is the author's description of the fountain at Clairvaux:

This fountain, then—which is said to be an indication of a good fountain—has its source opposite to the rising sun, so that at the time of the spring solstice it salutes the ruddy face of the scintillating Aurora.

Of the trees in the orchard adjoining the infirmary, in their relation to the sick monks, he observes:

Under their leafy screen the sun's rays are softened, and their sufferings are soothed as they breathe the air fragrant with the scent of hay. The pleasant green of the trees and of the turf rests their eyes, and the fruit which hangs before them promises them delight when ripened. Their ears are agreeably occupied by the sweet and harmonious concerts of birds of varied plumage. See how, in order to cure one sickness, the goodness of God multiplies remedies, causes the clear air to shine in serenity, the earth to breathe forth fruitfulness, and the sick man himself to inhale through eyes, and ears, and nostrils the delights of colors, of songs, and of odors.

It is true that he looks through nature up to nature's God, as the following passage shows; but is he therefore to be censured for indifference to nature?

The smiling countenance of the earth is painted with varying colors, the blooming verdure of spring satisfies the eyes, and its sweet odor salutes the nostrils. When I delight my eyes with the bright colors of the flowers, I am reminded that this beauty is far above that of the purple robe of Solomon, who in all his glory could not equal the beauty of the lilies of the field, although to him there was wanting neither richness of material, nor wisdom and taste in arrangement. In this way, while I am charmed without by the sweet influence of the beauty of the country, I have not less delight within in reflecting on the mysteries which are hidden beneath it.

Such are the very sentiments which Storrs ("Bernard of Clairvaux," p. 157) attributes to Bernard:

His supreme lessons were always from the Scriptures, which he studied, in the form in which he possessed them, with an assiduous zeal which we may well emulate; but he found great lessons and inspiring suggestions in the lovely and lofty works of God, and kept for these an open sense.

Nor are they inconsistent with the practice of his followers, as described by Neale (Commentary on Ps. 50:11):

S. Bernard, forbidding, as he did, the slightest ornamentation in his churches, forbidding towers, nevertheless taught his Cistercians to choose the loveliest situations for their houses. I wonder whether it were the romantic situation of his father's castle—Fontaines-lèz-Dijon—that taught him the instinctive love of natural beauty which found their places for Clairvaux itself, for Rievaulx in our own Yorkshire, for Batalha in Portugal, and for hundreds of other situations.

If Bernard was indifferent to nature, it is singular that the most authoritative book that we have on the mediæval feeling for nature (Biese, "Die Entwickelung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter") should not only quote Letter 106 in the same sense as I did, but should ascribe to him as a principle "to learn from earth and trees, from grain, from flowers, and from grass" (p. 197); and that in both respects Biese should be confirmed by Zöckler ("Geschichte der Beziehungen zwischen Theologie und Naturwissenschaft," I, 318), who adds: "His mysticism bears, . . . in not a few of its developments, a character of peculiar natural freshness, savoring of the spicy fragrance of the forest."

Bernard stood by no means alone among monks in his love of natural beauty. More than three hundred years before his time, Alcuin (735-804) thus bursts forth in a poem (the condensed rendering from Montalembert, "Monks of the West," I, 69):

O my cell! sweet and well-beloved home, adieu for ever! I shall see no more the woods which surround thee with their interlacing branches and flowery verdure, nor thy fields full of wholesome and aromatic herbs, nor thy streams of fish, nor thy orchards, nor thy gardens where the lily mingles with the rose. I shall hear no more these birds who, like ourselves, sing matins and celebrate the Creator in their fashion.

If one were to begin to quote Dante as illustrating the love of natural beauty by a theologian of the Middle Ages, one would never end, and indeed it is sufficient to refer to the pages of Dean Church's delightful essay; but one can at least quote two or three sentences from St. Francis' (1182-1226) ever-new Canticle of the Sun:

Praised be thou, my Lord, with all thy creatures, especially milord Brother Sun that dawns and lightens us; and he, beautiful and radiant with great splendor, signifies thee, Most High.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars that thou hast made bright and precious and beautiful. . . .

Be praised, my Lord, for Brother Fire, through whom thou dost illumine the night, and comely is he and glad and bold and strong.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister Our Mother Earth, that doth cherish and keep us, and produces various fruits with colored flowers and the grass.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, February 23.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The extract given below, taken from the preface to the Index volume of the "Records of the War of the Rebellion," may be of interest for other reasons besides showing what the resources of the Government are in the item of war material of the manuscript sort:

Voluminous as is the completed publication, comprising 128 books and a copious atlas, it nevertheless fails to convey an adequate conception of the labor involved in its compilation and preparation. The majority of the papers printed exist in duplicate, if not in triplicate—originals sent and copies retained—all of which it was necessary to examine with great care in order to guard against omission and to ascertain the authenticity of documents selected for publication. The published papers form but a small fraction of the myriads that were rejected as immaterial, of no historical interest, or otherwise not within the scope of the work, but all of which required careful consideration to determine their ineligibility. The papers examined were well-nigh beyond computation, being counted, not by documents or boxes, but by tons, roomfuls, or the contents of buildings. The volunteer records of discontinued commands (being the books and papers turned in by volunteer officers when mustered out) filled a large four-story warehouse; the Confederate records alone crowded an entire three-story building; the papers to be examined in the Adjutant-General's Office occupied a third of the old War Department building [written in 1901]; military telegrams were almost countless, a single collection of Union dispatches alone containing over 2,000,000; all these, as well as the files of the Secretary's office and the various bureaus of the War Department, had to be carefully read and considered, paper by paper, and, if deemed proper for publication, copied and compared. In addition, thousands of individual contributions of original documents of the war period were received from time to time from officers and others throughout the country, either as loans or as donations to the Government; in many instances the collections thus donated or loaned were of formidable dimensions. In all such cases thorough examination and consideration were required to prevent duplication of matter and to establish not only the accuracy of copies, but the authenticity of original documents. Missing links had to be traced by exhaustive correspondence and other research to secure completeness of the work as each volume appeared.

Obviously, this was a work of magnitude, the cost in 1901 having been $2,858,514.67. The importunities of what serious historian, vacation investigator, or young person writing a dissertation were to be allowed to interfere in the smallest degree with this work? It is not surprising there was a Cabinet order forbidding courtesies: anything like a general interest in such matters is of very recent growth—there will be plenty of time to clear up many small points in the history of our Civil War; as a preliminary measure, get the war as it was, between covers. Whoever has done this work deserves a lot of credit, and very few historians can expect to have a more enduring name.

At an expense of another $3,000,000 (certainly half of which applied to salaries of experts) it is quite possible the Government may be able to house properly, and classify, its astounding collection of war manuscript material, to which the public (under many restrictions) might be admitted.

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Hampden Sidney, Virginia, February 27.

THE CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The cause of high prices is simple and at our doors. The present high prices and the consequent high cost of living are mainly caused by verbal agreements, entered into between retail traders, to keep up prices in the cities and towns in which they are doing business. The prices are pushed up to the top notch, and all the retail traders in the town agree (verbally) to charge the same. They call this method of fleecing the public, "standing together."

One way of dealing with these combinations of retail traders (which I do not recommend) was recently successfully tried in various towns in France, where desperate mobs of respectable women stormed the markets and shops, and compelled the retail dealers to reduce the prices of all the necessary kinds of food to a reasonable level.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Galveston, Tex., February 26.

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A POSSIBLE MOTIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's motives by one of his admirers—not the present writer—is too ingenious and ingenuous to be lost to the public.

According to this "man in the street," Mr. Roosevelt is still the same devoted friend of Mr. Taft that he was formerly. Perceiving, however, how slender is the President's chance of reëlection, he, Mr. Roosevelt, has *pretended* to want and to be ready to accept the nomination only with the intention of finally withdrawing and lending all his influence to the support of his friend. In this way, the Republican party is to be reunited and President Taft swept on to victory both in the convention and in the November election.

Possibly, if this should meet Mr. Roosevelt's eye, it may furnish him with a means of escape from the embarrassment of his statements of 1904, 1907, and 1912.

L. M. P.

Boston, Mass., March 2.

"ANTI-SLAVERY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your notice (*Nation*, February 15) of the latest section of the Oxford Dictionary reminds the present writer that he apparently neglected to send to Sir James Murray examples of that rhetorical use of the words *slave* and *slavery* so frequently employed by the American patriots for a decade or so before the outbreak of the Revolution. If they declared once, they declared ten thousand times, that they should be "slaves" did they not resist the arbitrary measures of the British Government, and that if they acquiesced in those measures they should be reduced to a state of "slavery."

The notice also naturally recalls *anti-slavery* and the fact that in the *Nation* of March 20, 1902, a writer spoke of "the remarkable omission of" that term from the Oxford Dictionary. This rash statement drew from Sir (then Dr.) James Murray an interesting letter (printed in the issue of April 24, 1902), in which he said in part:

> On account of the interest of *Anti-slavery*, special trouble was taken by me to trace the epithet to its source, and I succeeded in getting a quotation from the manuscript minute-book of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of the 9th of April, 1823, which is probably the earliest written use of the word on this side the Atlantic. In addition to this, the Dictionary quotes of the same year the New York *Observer* of 17th of May, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* of 1825, and a speech of Wendell Phillips of 1863, which, I think, sufficiently epitomize the history of the epithet.

How long had the term been employed here before it found its way to England? Shortly after the above letter was printed, I stumbled on a passage in *Niles' Register* of October 28, 1820, which makes it possible to give the approximate date of the earliest appearance of the term in print in this country. That passage is in part as follows:

> *The next President.* An attempt is making in Philadelphia to get up, what its projectors call, an "anti-slavery" ticket, for electors of president and vice-president of the United States. A large meeting was held on Saturday last, at which an opposition ticket was agreed upon, and a committee of correspondence, &c., appointed to promote its success (XIX., 127).

It only remained to examine Philadelphia newspapers, the result being that the following notice was found in *Relf's Philadelphia Gazette* of October 19 and 20, 1820; in *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* of October 20 and 21, and in the *Aurora* of October 20 and 21:

> ANTI-SLAVERY.
>
> *Electors of President and Vice-President.*
>
> The Citizens of the city and County of Philadelphia and of the adjacent counties, who are opposed to the extension of slavery and in favor of a public declaration of the sentiments of Pennsylvania, upon this momentous question, are invited to assemble at the Mayor's Court Room, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON the 21st inst. at 4 o'clock, for the purpose of agreeing upon an Electoral Ticket to be supported at the approaching Election, against the Ticket agreed upon at Lewiston.

A notice, but shorter than the above, was also inserted in the *Democratic Press* of October 20 and 21, and during the next week there was much in the newspapers about the meeting, about *anti-slavery*, and about the *Anti-Slavery Electoral Ticket*.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, March 1.

Literature

THE YOUNGER PITT.

William Pitt and the Great War. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

In the first volume of his admirable life of the Younger Pitt Mr. Rose described, as was indicated in an earlier number of the *Nation* (September 7, 1911), the "national revival" which took place in England under Pitt's directing genius in the decade from 1781 to 1791. He made Pitt's personality stand forth prominently from the history of the times by his accounts of Pitt's wonderful rise to the Premiership, of his energetic attempts to repair the evils arising out of the old order of things in England, of his tactful handling of the royal lunatic, and of his personal relations with Wilberforce, Dundas, Dudley Ryder, and the other intimate friends. In 1791, at midsummer, the flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to the eastern frontier, and their ignominious capture and return to Paris, sharpened antagonisms already aroused and gave greater momentum to the mighty forces already set in motion. Democrats and royalists were stirred to a fury, not only in France, but throughout Europe, a fury which foredoomed to failure all attempts at compromise between the old order and the new. War soon broke out between Revolutionary France and the old monarchies of Austria and Prussia. Pitt endeavored to localize the war, but his efforts were fruitless; thenceforth his chief task was to bring to an honorable close a conflict which he had not sought. In the Great War which ensued between England and France, Pitt and Napoleon were indeed the leading actors; but even they were partially dwarfed by the mighty drama in which they played. In this second volume, therefore, we do not find the figure of Pitt drawn out so distinctly from the events of his age as in Mr. Rose's previous volume; there is something more of history and less of biography. Exceptions to this statement are the exceedingly interesting chapters on Pitt's resignation from the post of Prime Minister and his refusal to embarrass his incompetent successor, Addington; also the pages in which the author discusses Pitt's private financial difficulties and his love for Eleanor Eden. He and Miss Eden were fond of each other; the marriage would have given Pitt's nature what it needed—wider sympathies, relaxation, and a freer enjoyment of the amenities of life; but as both were poor and as he felt he could not support her adequately without resort to political jobbery, his scrupulous sense of honor made him renounce the idea of marriage.

In his chapters on the Jacobinism in England, which ran parallel with that in France from the flight to Varennes to the rise of Napoleon, Mr. Rose has drawn richly from the interesting and little-used archives of the Home Office. The harvests of 1792 had been spoiled by wet weather; food prices were rising; discontent was rife; bread riots broke out in Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, and elsewhere. Nowadays, high prices, heavy taxes, and conservative landlordism lead people in a country like Germany to vote the Social Democratic ticket. In those days, in England, it led them to devour Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," join "corresponding societies," and send fraternal addresses to the Jacobins across the Channel in France. A typical address of this kind, read at the bar of the French Convention on November 7, 1792, declared that five thousand signatories in England stepped forth to rescue their country from the opprobrium thrown upon it by the base conduct of Pitt's Government. They looked on Frenchmen as "citizens of the world, children of the common Father," not as enemies to be assassinated "at the command of weak or ambitious kings, or of corrupt ministers." They deplored the fact that George III, as Elector of Hanover, had joined his Hanoverian troops to those of traitors and robbers; "but the King of England will do well to remember that England is not Hanover; should he forget this, we will not forget it. We ardently wish a Triple Alliance, not of crowned heads, but of the people of America, France, and Great Britain, will give liberty to Europe and peace to the world." After the example given by France, revolutions would become easy. "Reason is about to make rapid progress; and it would not be extraordinary if in a much less space of time than can

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be imagined, the French should send addresses of congratulation to a National Convention of England." Addresses of this kind were delivered at meetings all over England and published in newspapers devoted to the democratic cause. To counteract their influence Pitt helped to start two new papers, the *Sun* and the *True Briton*. They were of a popular type and expressed a rather cheap and sensational royalism; and their advent was much resented, as may be imagined, by Mr. Walter of the *Times*, after his support of the Government. Pitt had reasons to fear that deeds might follow words. British Jacobins were reported to have secretly ordered in Birmingham 20,000 daggers, twelve inches in the blade and five in the handle. Apparently, it was a sample specimen of this weapon which Burke melodramatically cast upon the floor of the House of Commons during a speech shortly before the execution of Louis XVI. At the news of Dumouriez's victory over royalism at Jemappes, Radicals in Sheffield evidenced their joy by roasting and devouring an ox, and marching in a great procession carrying the French tricolor and a burlesque banner representing Pitt's Minister, Dundas, stabbing Liberty, and Burke treading down "the swinish multitude" (a phrase which Burke in his "Recollections" had applied to the French revolutionists). The growing boldness of the Radicals finally drew Pitt into a series of repressive measures. Writers have contrasted his earlier advocacy of liberal reforms with his coercive so-called "reign of terror" later; and have charged him with inconsistency. But the charge loses force when one considers how the times changed after 1791, with the rising tide of English Radicalism. The whirl of events in France also seemed to show the need of taking timely measures against lawlessness and over-hasty reform. Years afterwards, when the events of the Revolutionary era could be seen in perspective, it was easy to ask: Why did not Pitt, in view of the unswerving loyalty of the great majority of Britons, rely on the good sense and weight of that mass to overbear the Jacobinical minority? It is to be regretted that he did not take that more intelligent and more courageous course. But to have expected him to do so, in view of the actual events about him, is to expect of him more than human prescience.

Mr. Rose traces in careful detail the events which, in spite of Pitt's efforts towards peace, drew England and France into war. It was not the execution of Louis XVI, as so often stated, which was the prime cause of the war; it was the victorious advance of Dumouriez towards the mouth of the Rhine and the danger from the subversive decrees with which the French enthusiasts threatened England's Dutch ally.

In the chapters on the conduct of the war, that on Toulon is noteworthy. It shows the first clash between the two great national leaders. It illustrates many of the difficulties and disadvantages under which Pitt labored in comparison with Napoleon. Whereas Napoleon could communicate with his Government at Paris in a few hours, it took Pitt at least eleven days to get dispatches from Toulon. Napoleon had the loyal support and absolute disposition of the entire French forces; the English commander at Toulon had many bickerings with his jealous Spanish allies who feared that the English were planning permanently to retain Toulon and make of it a second Gibraltar. This idea has often been repeated, even in such recent scholarly works as those of Cottin. But Mr. Rose shows that Pitt had no such plan. He intended merely to hold Toulon until the conclusion of peace, when it would be restored to the French, though used as a handle for exacting an indemnity in Corsica or the French West Indies. Pitt was also at a disadvantage owing to Austria's culpable failure to fulfil her promises. Thugut had promised to send 5,000 Austrian soldiers from Milan to Toulon, but not a man was sent. It was a vitiating flaw in Pitt's strategic combinations all through his conduct of the war that he too optimistically believed that the cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Russia would live up to his own high standard of duty and magnanimous endeavor. Counting the Austrian and other promised troops, Pitt had estimated that there were 34,200 men defending Toulon. Mr. Rose calculates that there were actually only 16,912, of whom not more than 12,000 were fit for active service. If Pitt had been in closer touch with the situation, as would have been possible with the modern telegraph, he might have dispatched troops then lying idle at Cork and elsewhere which might have saved Toulon. When at last he realized the situation he instantly gave orders for reinforcements to proceed from England; one day before these orders were given Toulon had already surrendered.

Of all Pitt's problems perhaps the most complex and difficult were those connected with Ireland—the corrupt rule of a Protestant minority in the Irish Parliament at Dublin, the Rebellion of 1798, the constant danger of a French invasion, and the perennial disorders in that unhappy country. Pitt felt that the safety of the British Empire demanded the legislative union of England and Ireland under one central authority, just as Robespierre had seen the need of centralization of authority in France, and he obtained it—by bribery. He used bribery because only by corrupt means could he carry through that corrupt Irish legislature a measure entailing pecuniary loss on most of its members. He hoped to complete the Union by Catholic emancipation. But George III's threatened fit of lunacy at the mere prospect of allowing Catholics to sit in Parliament led Pitt to resign from office and delayed Catholic emancipation for a generation. While Pitt thought only of the safety of England, the King's thoughts continued to gyrate angrily and madly around the Test Act, his Coronation Oath, and the iniquities of Fox.

In his handling of the Irish question, which at the present moment is again arousing such interest and feeling, as well as in dealing with the foreign war and domestic legislation, Mr. Rose has again shown himself to be an historian of unusual ability. He combines great industry, impartiality, and insight with a twentieth century perspective and a distinctly pleasing style. His two volumes on Pitt may be regarded not only as the standard biography of that great statesman but as one of the best accounts of English history between 1781 and 1806.

CURRENT FICTION.

Paradise Farm. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

Miss Tynan here forsakes Irish character and Irish scene, yet informs her Wealdshire with the Irish geniality that marks all her tales. With an abducted ward in chancery, a falsely accused husband-poisoner, an Auld Robin Gray effect in returning sailors, a trusty, crusty old servant, a revengeful nurse, a disobeyed but wholly reconcilable father, and a nice baby, there are riches of material for a comfortably uncomfortable little story. Paradise Farm, buried in English lanes, is a charming background for the varied acts of hidden couple and devoted landlady. The romantic devotion, indeed, of Nancy Cripps to her mysterious lodgers, and theirs to her, brought about some of the difficulties, but also cleared them away. Since this cheerful novelist's troubles are seldom more than skin deep, one may trudge on through long lanes of predicament unperturbed and sufficiently beguiled, quite confident of happy turnings.

The Gods and Mr. Perrin. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Co.

You think you will escape, but already the place has its fingers about you. You will be a different man at the end of the term. You will be allowed no friends here, only enemies. You think the rest of us like you. Well, for a moment, perhaps, but only for a moment. . . . You must not be friends with the Head, because then we shall think that you are spying on us. You must not be friends with us, because then the Head will think that you are conspiring against him. You must not be friends with the boys, because then we shall all hate you

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and they will despise you. You will be quite alone.

This, and more of it, is the gloomy picture drawn by the cleverest master in a school faculty in Cornwall, England, for the benefit of young Archie Traill, just through the university, and entering upon his first year of teaching. Traill himself, a normal, full-hearted youth, is brought into the story, as is Isabel Desart, a visitor, to set off by contrast the warped and cramped spirit of this little society. Mr. Perrin is its arch embodiment. A bachelor, at forty-five, and apparently with every good intention, he sees his soul ground down by the system to pedantry and pettiness. Still, he will fight for the better side of himself. He is in love with Isabel, and through her he will be saved. Little wonder, then, that pique is replaced by hatred when Traill, by sheer youth and ingenuousness, pushes him one side. Under the circumstances, Perrin's neurotic introspections and final outburst seem hardly overdrawn. This school is not Eton or Harrow, but, according to the author, it is typical of conditions in a hundred schools throughout England.

The Fool in Christ. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Indian Lily, and Other Stories. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by L. Lewisohn. The same.

These translations are likely to satisfy the demands of their readers, though neither permits us long to forget that the original is German. Mr. Seltzer had the easier task, and performed it, on the whole, with sober fidelity. His expressions do not always have the right connotation, nor always fit into their context. A more thorough revision of the version as a new unit in English would have made it more homogeneous. But, at any rate, it does not pretend to be more than it is. Mr. Lewisohn's work, on the contrary, is a little marred by a pretentiousness which appears to be not altogether an involuntary reflection of the salient quality of Sudermann's own style. The translator is not lacking in a sense of rhythm, nor in the capacity for handling periods; but he shows himself sometimes unaware of the meaning of words; and what was in the original a novel, perhaps incongruous, but at least intelligible designation or epithet, becomes in his translation frequently grotesque. Thus: "A certain fogless freedom of thought seemed to me until today the highest point of human development." "She thought out a plan—the first of many by which she meant to rivet her beloved for life." "With abstracted caresses she touched his weary fingers." "She herself saw the world through a blue veil, heard the voices of life across an immeasurable distance, and felt hot, alien shivers run through her enervated limbs." Such sentences as these are not the equivalent of the German. Neither is it creditable to be unable to distinguish between *shall* and *will*.

Vane of the Timberlands. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The British Columbian Pacific Coast, land of the log-driver, the miner, the prospector, supplies again the substance for Mr. Bindloss's story. For background there are men and women, love and rivalries, and mutual service, but they are second in importance to the great romance of forest, river, and sea. No smooth-flowing idyl is this one of nature. Winds blow, floods destroy, snows smother, drifting logs betray; and whether on land or sea, men may face hunger and cold. The author's pleasure is to show the wildness and the beauty and the cruelty of such scenes and their effect on the men who brave them; who from seeking their living along these ways of hardship grow into a fury of affection for them—ready equally to "achieve success or face annihilation." One such, Wallace Vane, is pictured in this story, with his more cautious and considering friend, Carroll. Their journeys, sometimes for their own behoof, and as often in almost quixotic behalf of sundry under-dogs, make impressive reading. That all this is more impressive than exciting is no fault of the experiences, but is rather because of a level of calm common sense in the recital which never gives a chance to lose the breath in reading, and perhaps misses thereby a legitimate sensationalism. But the book worthily escapes the greater fault of hysteria over nature, man, or woman, and is in every way a sane, strong story, tonic and refreshingly well worded.

SENTIMENTAL PLATONISM.

The Vitality of Platonism, and Other Essays. By James Adam. Edited by his Wife, Adela Marion Adam. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In our notice (July 16, 1908) of the late Professor Adam's admirable treatise on "The Religious Teachers of Greece," we observed that, "if any part of the book has disappointed us a little, it is these concluding chapters on Plato." Something of that disappointment we have felt, have felt even more keenly, while reading these essays on Platonism and kindred subjects now edited and published by his wife. The book is made up of lectures on various occasions, and makes no pretence to strict unity of design. There does, however, run through all the essays, more or less explicitly, a single theme which results in a certain unity of impression; and, unfortunately, the unsoundness of that thesis throws a vitiating atmosphere about much that is otherwise nobly thought and expressed. The fault first shows itself clearly in a comparison of the ideas underlying Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations" with Plato's doctrine of *anamnêsis*, or recollection. Only deep confusion of ideas can follow the failure, as Professor Adam here fails, to see a radical distinction between Wordsworth's notion of a spiritual inheritance of infancy which is gradually overlaid by experience and Plato's doctrine of a vague reminiscence from a former life which must be brought to clearness and efficiency by labor and learning. How quickly such a confusion of ideas passes into dangerous error of precept may be seen in Professor Adam's praise of "Plato's view of education as the free and unconstrained development of the individual soul." The definition applies well enough to Rousseau's "Emile," but we are at a loss to understand how such a picture of education can be drawn from the austere discipline of Plato's communistic "Republic."

At bottom Professor Adam's error springs from a fine but misguided enthusiasm. In his laudable desire to link the religion of the past with that of the present in one glorious, unbroken tradition, in his longing to hold up the vitality of Platonism as a force still moulding the better thoughts of men, he has simply lost the sense of philosophical distinctions. The *logos* is to him the binding thread, the idea at the heart of religion wherever found. Now, in the separate dicussions of this word and its synonyms as they are used by various ancient and modern writers, he no doubt says many things that are right and in their way precious, but when by its means he would merge the philosophies of Plato, Heraclitus, the Stoics, and Wordsworth together in one indiscriminate welter of patheism, he is, we are bound to think, doing but an ill service to the cause he has so much at heart.

> Now I will ask you to believe [he writes] that this half-poetical, half-religious idea of a World-Soul, which, according to Plato, is as it were the incarnation of the Divine Reason, less perfect than God himself, but still wholly rational and far from anger or desire—I will ask you to believe that this World-Soul or World-Reason is in reality Plato's conception of Nature. . . . It follows that Nature, as Dante somewhere says, is the child of God, that she is a spiritual and not a material creature, good and not evil; for God, according to Plato, is the author only of good, and evil cometh not from him. In Plato's way of thinking God and Nature are not two mutually opposing forces, but an omnipotent Father and a loyal son, working harmoniously together toward
>
> that far-off divine event
> To which the whole Creation moves.

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That this sentimental view of nature may be educed from certain passages of Plato's Dialogues, especially the "Timæus," we do not gainsay; but that it is honestly representative of Plato's whole view of life, we do most vigorously deny. It is true of Stoicism; it comes into modern English literature chiefly through Shaftesbury's revival of Stoicism and the ensuing romantic school which reaches its culmination in Wordsworth; but between Platonism and Stoicism there is a great gulf fixed. "The Stoic conception of the Logos" Professor Adam defines "as the unity in which all opposites are harmonized." Now Plato in his dialectic, that is when driven by the commands of pure reason, does, no doubt, attempt, though unsuccessfully, to find a rational nexus between the many and the one. Even more clearly his practical doctrine, his ethics, is a discipline by which the soul, through self-discipline and abnegation, is taught to raise itself to contemplation of the divine unity and to a state of justice which is the reflection of that unity in the government of its own faculties. But essentially his philosophy, both dialectic and practical, his *Platonism*, so to speak, is a dualistic conception of the one and the many, being and becoming, ideas and phenomena, God and nature. To slur over this dualism, as Professor Adam does, in order to assimilate Platonism with certain nineteenth-century notions of religion and education and poetry, or to represent Plato as attempting to explain away the existence of evil by a kind of optimistic emotionalism, is to wander far, we must say, from beholding the face of truth. There are, it need scarcely be said again, many admirable and true observations in Professor Adam's lectures, and his language will have a certain charm for those readers at least who have not come, even in spite of themselves, to distrust the allurements of this *préciosité* which threatens to emasculate all writing of the English universities not of a purely pedantic or commonplace sort. After due reservations have been made, the book as a whole must be reckoned a sad divergence from the author's other work, in which he stuck more closely to his Greek and was not betrayed into false comparisons and syncretisms. Virtue is not served by obliterating distinctions; and in particular this æsthetic and sentimental treatment of Plato and the greater Greeks, which was introduced by Pater and has been continued by Professor Mackail in Oxford and Professor Adam in Cambridge, falls under the harsh judgment pronounced by Plato himself upon those who dishonor the soul by setting the pursuit of beauty above that of truth.

BIOGRAPHIES OF TOLSTOY.

The Life of Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. Translated from the Russian. New York: Cassell & Co. Pp. 168. $1.50 net.

The Life of Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Pp. 467. $2 net.

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland, Author of "Jean Christophe." Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 321. $1.50 net.

Paul Birukoff, a disciple and intimate friend of Tolstoy, has written two volumes (Moscow, 1906 and 1908) on the life of his master from 1828 to 1884, of which only the first has been translated into English (New York, 1906); they are unfortunately rather a collection of valuable materials than a real biography. Before completing his main task, he has published a short sketch of the entire life of Tolstoy, which now appears in an English dress. He presents facts simply and clearly, but lays most stress on the development of Tolstoy's moral ideas. Of the novels he says little, and that little by no means well; "Anna Karenin" and "War and Peace" he apparently regards as merely incidents in the life of Tolstoy, from which some conclusions may be drawn as to his spiritual development. Himself without marked literary talent, he gives us no conception of the artistic genius of his friend; but, writing with affection and reverence, he conveys a first-hand, though somewhat shadowy, impression of Tolstoy's powerful personality.

The longer work of Birukoff was the chief authority for the first half of Aylmer Maude's large "Life of Tolstoy" (New York, 1910; reviewed in the *Nation* January 26, 1911), which brought the story to within a few months of Tolstoy's death. Mr. Dole in his turn has written a book based mainly on Birukoff and Maude, though he has not neglected minor sources. The result of his labors it is impossible to praise highly. The two earlier biographers compensate for their lack of skill by a certain glow of enthusiasm for their subject, thanks to which their books become human documents that cannot be neglected. Mr. Dole has merely garnered facts and anecdotes from his authorities, has arranged them in chronological order, has added, by the way, a few commonplace remarks on Tolstoy's novels and on his religious and social opinions, has given an account of the death scene at Astapovo and of the funeral—and has sent forth a book into the world. Though he frequently states that Tolstoy was a genius, and quotes many others to that effect, his own handling of his theme is so bald and tame that the weary reader can scarcely believe that the volume treats of a prince among artists, thinkers, and religious leaders. Yet let us not be unjust. The book is comparatively brief and is moderate in price, so that it will probably reach and spread useful information among a wider circle of readers than will Mr. Maude's bulky volumes. Furthermore, it is honestly written—Mr. Dole frankly acknowledges his debts to his predecessors—it is dignified in tone, and it utters nothing base.

Men and women who are not interested in the petty details of Tolstoy's life, but who wish an appreciation of his true significance as a man of letters and as a moral force, will do well to pass by Birukoff, Maude, and Dole, and take up the fine study of Tolstoy by Romain Rolland, a professional student of the history of art, who is himself a novelist of distinction. This volume is a tribute of admiration from a man of ripe culture and wonderful literary skill; the tribute not of an unreasoning disciple, but of a scholar and artist who has been profoundly affected by the genius of the man of whom he writes. As might have been anticipted, M. Rolland pays due attention to the novels that won Tolstoy his fame as the "great writer of the Russian land." His praise of Tolstoy's art, without ceasing to be carefully considered and discriminating, becomes at times almost lyric in its fervor. Novelists, who study men and women rather than literary critics, who study books, have best appreciated Tolstoy's supremacy as a writer of fiction. Among English and American essayists Mr. Howells has shown an understanding of Tolstoy comparable to that of M. Rolland, but even his sympathetic enthusiasm has produced no criticism quite like the following paragraph on "War and Peace":

> To be truly sensible of the power of this work, we must take into account its hidden unity. Too many readers, unable to see it in perspective, perceive in it nothing but thousands of details, whose profusion amazes and distracts them. They are lost in this forest of life. The reader must stand aloof, upon a height; he must attain the view of the unobstructed horizon, the vast circle of forest and meadow; then he will catch the Homeric spirit of the work, the calm of eternal laws, the awful rhythm of the breathing of Destiny, the sense of the whole of which every detail makes a part; and the genius of the artist, supreme over the whole, like the God of Genesis who broods upon the face of the waters.

Of Tolstoy's religious and social theories, M. Rolland gives no mere paraphrase, but penetrates into the spirit of the man who found in the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," a taint of egoism, and dared to emend it into, "Love thy neighbor as *Himself* (as God)." Even in treating Tolstoy's criticism of art, he can rise above the superficial injustice and perversity of Tolstoy's single verdicts, and understand their essence when he writes:

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What is the artistic significance of the religious ideal which he proposes? This ideal is magnificent. The term "religious art" is apt to mislead one as to the breadth of the conception. Far from narrowing the province of art, Tolstoy enlarges it. Art, he says, is everywhere. "Art creeps into our whole life; what we term art, namely, theatres, concerts, books, exhibitions, is only an infinitesimal portion of art. Our life is full of artistic manifestations of every kind, from the games of children to the offices of religion. Art and speech are the two organs of human progress. One affords the communion of hearts, the other the communion of thoughts. If either of the two is perverted, then society is sick. The art of to-day is perverted."

Restricting biographical details to the merest outline, M. Rolland, nevertheless, gives a clear conception of Tolstoy's personality and of his position in society, with his prejudices and peculiarities, as well as his ideal aspirations; with his youthful "pride of the great noble and the officer who condescendingly mingles with liberal and middle-class scribblers," contrasting with the "ineffable candor" (query, "simple-heartedness," *candeur*) of the aged man, who on his death-bed "wept, not for himself, but for the unhappy," saying, "in the midst of his sobs: 'There are millions of human beings on earth who are suffering: why do you think only of me?'" And so M. Rolland proceeds to his final verdict:

> Tolstoy does not speak to the privileged, the enfranchized of the world of thought; he speaks to ordinary men—*hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. He is our conscience. He says what we all think, we average people, and what we all fear to read in ourselves. He is not a master full of pride: one of those haughty geniuses who are throned above humanity upon their art and their intelligence. He is—as he loved to style himself in his letters, by that most beautiful of titles, the most pleasant of all—"our brother."

Students of Tolstoy will not be disturbed by some insignificant slips of detail in M. Rolland's volume. Though we cannot refer to the original, the translator has apparently done his work competently, despite an occasional too literal fidelity to the words and idioms of the French text.

The Works of Henrik Ibsen. Edited with Introductions by William Archer. Viking Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 13 volumes. $2 the volume.

The Viking Edition of Ibsen's works varies in comparatively little, save in the externals of bookmaking, from the Copyright Edition which the Scribners issued in 1908, "complete in eleven volumes," but to which they have since added, as volumes twelve and thirteen, "From Ibsen's Workshop," a collection of notes, scenarios, and drafts for certain of Ibsen's later plays, translated by A. G. Chater, and the well-known "Life" of the dramatist by Edmund Gosse. The reprint has evidently been made without very close supervision, since, though the circular announces that the set is to consist of thirteen volumes, the first words of the General Preface reappear exactly as Mr. Archer wrote them in 1908: "The *eleven volumes* of this edition," etc.

The only significant changes in the text before us are to be found in the introductions to the various plays, where attention is happily paid to a large body of important material made accessible in 1909 through the printing of the author's "Efterladte Skrifter" ("Literary Remains") in three volumes. Nearly one-half of this material is reproduced in "From Ibsen's Workshop"; but no part of what concerns works earlier than "Pillars of Society" is communicated, except in such short discussions as the revised prefaces of the present publication afford.

Without doubt the Viking Edition provides, as the circular states, "the standard edition in English of the greatest dramatist of the nineteenth century." But it is not beyond reproach either in contents or in style. Mr. Archer omitted, we think, without sufficient reason, Ibsen's first play, "Catilina," which contains in germ many of the author's characteristic ideas. Ibsen insisted on the importance of reading his plays throughout in chronological order, and placed "Catilina" first in the definitive edition he himself prepared. Mr. Archer is right in saying that it "would seem a deliberate disregard of the poet's wishes" to perpetuate the original rather than the revised version of this first fruit of his invention. But, surely, it seems a more culpable disregard of the poet's wishes to omit the play altogether. That "Catilina," not to mention four other complete plays by the author printed in Norwegian, should be passed by in a "standard edition" of the poet's "collected works," and a whole volume be devoted to scraps "From Ibsen's Workshop," is a rare exhibition of inconsistency. Not that we deprecate the publication of this concluding volume, which unquestionably throws valuable light on the dramatist's technique. On the contrary, we wish that the "Literary Remains" might have been translated entire, for they contain other matter of as great interest as anything in the parts selected. Particularly is this true of the so-called "Epic Brand," the recovery of which, after its mysterious loss for some thirty-five years, is one of the most curious incidents of modern book-history. One cannot help wondering if the fact that Ibsen's early work is chiefly in verse did not occasion its neglect.

Mr. Archer had a hard experience in translating "Peer Gynt." Recognizing the fact that he had not the poetic capacity to reproduce that great work adequately, because of its lavish variety of metre, he requested the author's permission to put it into prose. But Ibsen absolutely refused to allow that to be done with his sanction, and only reluctantly agreed to the compromise line-for-line "crib" which was finally evolved. Mr. Archer, at first apologetic for the result, has since grown proud of it; but probably no one else regards his version as satisfactory. We regret that Professor Herford had not a larger share in the English edition of Ibsen's collected works. His translations of "Brand" and "Love's Comedy" are excellent. He shows us in his preface to "Brand" what he might have done with the epic fragment had he undertaken to render it all in English. Had he been general editor, we should pretty certainly have had a volume of Ibsen's shorter poems in our own tongue. As it is, English readers are bound to emphasize Ibsen the problem-play writer unduly at the expense of Ibsen the poet.

The Copyright Edition, being convenient and inexpensive, is likely to remain in most general use, but the Viking Edition, to be sold in sets "by subscription only," should be preferred by all to whom two dollars a volume (four dollars in half-levant) is not a prohibitive price. The paper is of superior quality; the printing and binding are handsome. On the other hand, though some of the illustrations are exceptionally good, the majority, especially photographs of actors and scenes on the stage, might have been omitted without loss.

A Personal Record. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Co. $1.25 net.

It is hard to guess in advance who is likely to succeed with the familiar vein. One might have thought that Joseph Conrad, with his varied experience and his uncommon powers of description and narrative, would have made an easy business of the present informal autobiographical record. But it is evidently hard for him to hit the right tone—a matter of calculation rather than instinct. In the "Familiar Preface" he is self-conscious and ill at ease. Towards the end of it his discomfort expresses itself in the frank utterance of a doubt as to the probable result of his "trying to be conversational."—"I have never been very well acquainted with conversation," he confesses. ". . . My young days, the days when one's habits and character are formed, have been rather familiar with long silences. Such voices as broke into them were anything but conversational." In the attempt to buttonhole his reader, he assumes a jaunty air which is rather distressing. But this vanishes for the most part with the beginning of the

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reminiscences proper. These reminiscences are of casual and fragmentary sort, at first glance, but when one has finished reading them one must feel that the writer's hope has been realized: "that from these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality; the mind behind the books so fundamentally dissimilar as, for instance, 'Almayer's Folly' and 'The Secret Agent,' and yet a coherent, justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action."

The writer who has chosen to be known as Joseph Conrad, and to make English his medium, is of Polish birth. A grand-uncle had been a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur under Napoleon, had gone with him upon the Russian campaign, and had literally eaten dog on the way back. His father was active in the ill-fated uprising of '63, and exiled thereafter. The boy himself had a longing for the sea from his earliest years—an unaccountable instinct. "Why should I, the son of a land which such men as these have turned up with their ploughshares and bedewed with their blood, undertake the pursuit of fantastic meals of salt junk and hardtack upon the wide seas?" The question remains unanswered; but greedy for the sea this son of a land-bound nation was, and he finally, against the protests of all his relatives, had his way.

Fortunately, the uncle who was his guardian, though he disapproved of his nephew's project, did not forbid it. The boy had determined to be not only a seaman but a British seaman; and the reader may piece together from different portions of the fragmentary narrative the stages of Conrad's ascent from common seaman to full master. Not until he was some thirty-five years old, and near the top of the ladder in the British mercantile marine, did the idea of his first story begin to take shape in his brain. The result, "Almayer's Folly," was the intermittent labor of years, and made an author of him. For this reason, no doubt, because it marked the transition from seaman to bookman, the genesis of "Almayer" is traced fully in these pages, from that first meeting with the real Almayer far up a Bornean river to the completion of the story many years later. To account for himself as a man and as a writer, are the two purposes of the record. "In the purposely mingled resonance of this double strain," concludes the Preface, "a friend here and there will perhaps detect a subtle accord." And, indeed, the book has a curious completeness. This effect, one perceives, is gained by the method of the fiction-writer—a careful choice of telling detail—rather than in the cumulative manner of the autobiographer. Its discursiveness and fragmentariness, for which the writer apologizes, are apparent, not real. So much the better: the book would have been a little masterpiece in a rare kind if there had been no attempt "to be conversational."

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. have in hand Ralph Straus's "The Prison without a Wall," the story of a sensitive scholar cloistered in the University of Cambridge.

Karin Michaelis's "Elsie Lindtner," a sequel to "The Dangerous Age," will be issued by John Lane Company this spring.

The Century Company promises for this month a book by Rupert Hughes, giving the picture of a mother's longing for her scattered brood; "The Burgundian," a tale of the court of the mad King, Charles VI of France, by Marion Polk Angelotti, and "The Yosemite," by John Muir.

Fiction in Duffield & Co.'s spring list includes: "The Adjustment," by Marguerite Bryant; "The Gate of Horn," by Beulah Marie Dix; "Paradise Farm," by Katherine Tynan; "The High Adventure," by John Oxenham; "Country Neighbors: A Long Island Pastoral," by Susan Taber; "Mene Tekel," by Augusta Groner; "The House of Robershaye," by Emma Brooke; "The Woollen Dress," a translation of Henry Bordeaux's "La Robe de laine"; "The Garden of Indra," by Michael White, and "Putting Marshville on the Map," the second volume in William Ganson Rose's Ginger Series.

The same house will publish shortly: "The Thread of Life," an authorized translation of the Infanta Eulalia's book; "The Complete Nonsense Book," by Edward Lear; "Byways of Paris," by Georges Cain"; "Success in Gardening," by Jessie P. Frothingham; "Everblooming Roses," by Georgie Torrey Drennan, and "The Book of Love," a volume of verse by Elsa Barker.

"The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," by Hilary A. Herbert, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, and "The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine," by Dr. Frederick Jones Bliss, are among the books which Scribners are bringing out this month.

Included in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s spring announcements are: "The Real Mrs. Holyer," by Francis Channon; "Pleasures and Palaces," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; "William the Silent," by J. C. Squire; "One Look Back," reminiscences of fifty years of public life in London, by George William Erskine Russell; "The Life of David C. Broderick," by Jeremiah Lynch; "The Life of Woodrow Wilson," by William Bayard Hale, and "Plantation Ballads," by John A. Lomax.

In "Bahaism, the Religion of Brotherhood," announced by Messrs. Longmans, Francis H. Skrine seeks to trace the evolution of organized creeds from magic, through spirit and ancestor worship, totemism, native worship, dualism, pantheism, and monotheism, culminating in the idealism of Baha 'Ullah and his successor, Abdul Baha.

To book-lovers we may properly recommend a work named for them, "The Book-Lovers' Anthology," compiled by R. M. Leonard and published by Henry Frowde. A sufficient number of notes at the end of the volume explain allusions and answer various questions.

Katherine D. Osbourne's "Robert Louis Stevenson in California" (McClurg) is a book for Stevensonians of the inner shrine. That is to say, it assumes a circle of readers whose curiosity concerning their hero's short but pretty desperate sojourn in California has not been satisfied by his vivid letters to Colvin and Mr. Gosse, by his own narrative of his trip across the plains and the camp at Silverado, or by the industry of his various biographers. To what we already know of this period from these sources, the text adds very little of importance. The illustrations, however, of which there are sixty-nine, including a picture of Stevenson never before published, furnish an illuminating commentary on the descriptive powers of the "amateur emigrant." There are views of twisted cypress trees, bits of rocky coast and angry surf at Monterey; likenesses of landlords and landladies patronized by the invalid author, together with their children; sea-fog in Napa valley, the woody way to Silverado, the tunnel of the mine used by Stevenson for a wine-cellar, and many other relevant glimpses of California scenery.

The only criticism to be passed upon Florence Coombe's "Islands of Enchantment: Many-Sided Melanesia" (Macmillan) is that the author underrates the interest in her person which her travels inspire. The reader would welcome some information regarding her activity, the duration of her stay, and her mode of life in the remote islands she so graphically describes. She is, presumably, in some way connected with the British Melanesian Mission, but she withholds any mention of her share in the great work, scientific as well as philanthropic, that has so long distinguished the labors of the missionaries in and about Norfolk Island. Her knowledge of Melanesian dialects is remarkable, and by her translations of native legends, as well as by her sharpsighted observation of customs and physical characteristics, she is able to supplement, in some particulars, even the standard linguistic and anthropological works of Dr. Codrington. She is full of sympathy for the natives, and seeks for some good even in still unregenerate cannibals and head-hunters. According to her, the Melanesian is, on the whole, "the most sociable creature on the earth's surface" and endowed with "the priceless gift of a sense of humor." She has visited, in the steam-yacht of the Melanesian Mission, the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks, and Torres Islands, Santa Cruz and the Reef Islands, and the Eastern Solomons. The fullest account is that of Mala, the wildest and most populous of the Solomons. An idea of the tact required in dealing with its inhabitants may be obtained from her remark that "the year before I made acquaintance with it, in the immediate neighborhood of our first landing, the white priest had sadly counted fourteen murders within a period of six weeks." In describing Guadalcanar, of the same group, she departs from her purpose not to give an account of missionary work, and sketches the perilous struggle that the men of faith have had to encounter there. Nothing can be freer from cant and religious fervor than her plain tale. The

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book throughout is marked by good sense, rare modesty, and, not least of all, by considerable literary skill. Externally as well as internally, the volume is unusually attractive.

"There are good things in this volume," said Martial of his Epigrams, "there are parts that are mediocre, and much that is poor. That is the only way to make a book." Thomas Carson, in his "Ranching, Sport, and Travel" (Scribner), is almost as frank at times as Martial. After a particularly rambling paragraph, in which the alleged *Fœtor Judaicus*, the *bouquet d'Afrique*, the immunity of Jamaica negroes to yellow fever, and the alleged fifty-three to sixty-four ratio of women to men in comparative sensitiveness, are mingled, he adds: "I only hope that this and other departures, necessary for stuffing purposes, may be excused, especially as they are probably the most entertaining part of the book." Nor is lack of continuity in thought the only flaw discoverable. One stumbles here and there upon such a sentence as this: "To spend one whole month, as I did once, without not only not conversing with, but absolutely not seeing a human being, is an experience that has probably come to very few men, indeed." Yet, Mr. Carson tells, on the whole, an interesting and informing story. Leaving his English home at twenty-two, he spent a few years on tea plantations in India, after which he transferred his activities to cattle ranching, first in Arizona and later in New Mexico and Texas. A fairly successful career in this business was followed by five extensive tours in various foreign lands. About one-fourth of the volume is given to a seriatim account of these tours. Brief as it is, this account includes an occasional self-revelation, which most writers would have omitted, as when a chance meeting with two old friends in Vancouver ends in such a degree of conviviality as to send him to his room in a condition of unconsciousness, from which he is wakened by his stockinged toes coming into contact with a lighted candle jestingly left at his feet by those who had carried him in. Scientific fact and nomenclature mark the narrative with a frequency becoming a F.R.G.S., but one notes an occasional statement which will scarcely bear scientific scrutiny, as for instance, that if a cow gets but the tip of her tail or one hoof into the dangerous quicksand along some of the streams in the ranching regions, a team of horses would not be able to pull her out. Right here it occurs to us to state that Mr. Carson adds his weight to those who hold that a snipe will apply splints and ligatures to a broken limb, though we must disclaim any intention of opening anew the controversy between the naturalists and the nature-writers. But all these temptations to flaw-picking aside, Mr. Carson has gone with keen eyes through a very active and varied life, and tells a story which can hold a firm grip on the reader's interest, especially in the chapters devoted to ranching and tea-growing.

"The Immigration Problem" (Funk & Wagnalls), by Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck, is, in fact, what its authors claim for it in the preface, rather than what its title would suggest. The purpose of the writers, to put into convenient and satisfactory shape for the public the gist of the information collected in the forty-two volume report of the Immigration Commission, has been well fulfilled; but the book is not, in any sense, a careful and critical survey of the immigration problem in the United States. There is no bibliography, and scarcely a reference to other writers on the subject, with the exception of Professor Steiner. Perspective and symmetry are lacking, and there are no climaxes to relieve the monotony and fix the attention on salient points. At times the authors themselves seem to have failed to grasp the real nature and seriousness of the immigration problem in this country. Phases of the question not covered by the Commission's report are almost untouched. There is evidence that the material was either carelessly or hastily thrown together. Not only are there frequent repetitions, almost verbatim, but the English is often faulty, and at times execrable. Occasionally the careless use of terms leads to actual ambiguity. A limited degree of simplified spelling is adopted, which seems to follow no special rule. As a compilation of data, mostly statistical, the book is of great value. The report of the Immigration Commission is very voluminous, difficult to obtain, and not of a character to be useful to the average citizen. It is well worth while to have available a careful digest of this material, such as this book furnishes. Care must be used, however, to distinguish between facts and opinions in the statements made. As an example, the observation that "the weakest and less ambitious will not have the energy or the means of freeing themselves from their old conditions and securing the means to go to America" stands as a statement of fact, and yet would be seriously questioned by observers who have seen almost the entire male population of villages, except those who were absolutely inadmissible under the United States law, removed to America, through the combined efforts of the transportation agent and the friends in America. But one who uses due judgment will find in this book a large amount of conveniently arranged information. The abundant statistical tables in the appendix, with the copious index, add to its value as a source book.

Lindley D. Clark, who has contributed numerous studies of labor legislation to the recent publications of the United States Bureau of Labor, has now, in a compact volume, entitled "The Law of the Employment of Labor" (Macmillan), endeavored to summarize the more important enactments and judicial opinions which bear upon the employment of labor in this country. The scope of the work, well revealed in the topical table of contents, is indeed comprehensive, embracing not merely such fundamentals as the legal nature of the labor contract and the law governing the payment of wages, but also the regulation of conditions of employment, the attitude of the courts towards labor organizations and labor disputes, doctrines concerning employers' liability, and legislation for the compensation of injured workmen. Over all this field the author has worked with painstaking attention to detail. Obviously, the compressing of so much into small compass necessitates terse and concentrated treatment; but copious citations of authority offer opportunity of further study to those who may wish to verify or to elaborate the brief statements of the text. The list of cases thus cited comprises some thirteen hundred titles. Yet, despite the condensed and documented style in which the book is written, it is not unreadable. As a reference book, to which one may readily turn for information on the present status and trend of labor laws, it promises to be of real service.

A group of special investigations in a local field—"Labor Laws and Their Enforcement With Special Reference to Massachusetts" (Longmans)—is issued as Volume II of the series of Studies in Economic Relations of Women established under the direction of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Several authors have here contributed the results of independent research. The opening chapter is a substantial monograph by Charles E. Persons on The Early History of Factory Legislation in Massachusetts, to 1874. The brief description of Unregulated Conditions in Women's Work, by Miss Mabel Parton and Miss Caroline Manning, owes much of its interest to the fact that the authors were actual employees in the factories, workshops, and restaurants in which they found such disregard of sanitary requirements. Miss Grace F. Ward, Miss Edith Reeves, and Miss Mabelle Moses discuss in succeeding chapters the defects in the provisions and enforcement of the Massachusetts child labor laws, the administration of Massachusetts labor legislation in general, the character of the legislation most recently added to the statute books of the Commonwealth, and, finally, the Regulation of Private Employment Agencies in the United States. However unlike in plan and unequal in execution these several essays may be, collectively they render not a little assistance towards the achievement of their common purpose, "to give a clearer understanding of the development and present position of labor legislation in Massachusetts as a preliminary to further improvement of the law and its administration."

"Banques d'Emission et Trésors publics" (Paris: Hachette, 652 pages, 8vo), by Raphael Georges Lévy, is perhaps the most noteworthy, and is sure to be among the most useful, of the year's books on finance. Professor Lévy's lectures at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques have long been well known for their ready and apparently inexhaustible fund of clear information about all financial questions debated in the modern world; and the thirty and more books published by him during the last quarter of a century (one in 1898 on "Finance in the United States") have accustomed the financial world everywhere to look for his judgments. They are always based on the facts in the case. This new book gathers into one portable volume much that is found scattered through the half-hundred publications (some of them of the highest interest) of the National Monetary Commission at Washington.

The part of financial science which treats of banks of issue comprises, to a certain extent, the whole question of banks; for no bank is entirely independent or remains forever isolated from the creative organ of currency bills. In this field there is one particularly interesting point for study—the relations between issue institutions and public treasuries and the influence, direct and indirect, of such relations on the credit of nations. This study is bound up with that of national finances—for issue banks receive their commission from the sovereign power.

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In a masterly introduction of 24 pages Professor Lévy indicates the evolution of the issue bank in the various nations—and, without being a poet, he ventures to look forward to its term in the financial federation of the world. He has no illusions for the present, and this gives the chief value to his book. He sees clearly that the monetary system of the modern state is not a matter of pure finance:

> One of the reasons which will long delay the "unification of systems" is the desire of governments to keep at all times the upper hand of issue banks. With the thought, more or less avowed, that in times of crisis the banknote will be war money, the state will not agree that paper shall be created only by economic rules and to serve solely commercial uses. How is this idea made manifest nowadays in the organization of issue institutions? In what measure and under what limits does public action rule their business behavior?

These relations of public treasuries with issue banks are treated in order. Nearly three-quarters of the book is devoted to the study of banknotes—in countries which, like France, Belgium, Holland, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, Greece, Servia, Rumania, Norway, Denmark, Japan, and others more dependent, have granted an issue monopoly to one particular bank; in countries like England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, and others (including the privileged banks of Canada), in which the privilege of note issue is given to a limited number of establishments; and the single country of the United States, in which the right to issue notes is granted to an unlimited number of national banks, which are bound to observe prescriptions of uniform legislation. To this latter country 43 pages are given, to which 30 more pages have to be added further on to explain fully the American situation. This is in the second part of the book; it deals with state currency bills—in countries which have a state bank, like Russia, Bulgaria, Sweden, Uruguay; and in countries like the United States, Canada (for the Dominion Treasury), Argentina, Chili, Brazil, and others.

Our work will have its full reward if, by an impartial exposition of the facts, we succeed in convincing the reader of the dangers of state intervention and in determining what relations ought to exist between issue institutions and public treasuries. The services which the former render to the latter are so much the greater as their existence is more independent and their management more sharply separated from that of the finances of the state. The less the public authorities occupy themselves with banking, the safer is the guard kept over the credit and the riches of the nation.

Dr. George N. Olcott, professor of Latin at Columbia University, died of pneumonia in Rome on Saturday. In the last fifteen years Dr. Olcott had employed much of his time in archæological studies in Italy. He was an editorial contributor on numismatics to the *American Journal of Archæology*, and the author of several works on Latin inscriptions. He was born in Brooklyn in 1869, and in 1893 graduated from Columbia. In 1897 he became a fellow of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome.

The obvious charge to bring against Edith Wharton's long poem, "Pomegranate Seed," in *Scribner's*, is that she has taken Demeter and Persephone and Hecate and put modern introspective pessimism into their ancient naïve Greek heads. But we confess to an occasional fit of weariness at the solemn differentiations between the classic and the modern soul. The similarities we dare say have always been more than the differences. At any rate, Mrs. Wharton has taken the ancient story and given it a new turn. Persephone, recalled to earth, insists on going back to Pluto and his shades; she has learned to look sadly upon life as only the preparation for death. There are beautiful lines:

> Persephone—
> I fear the light. I fear the sound of life
> That thunders in mine unaccustomed ears.
> Demeter—
> *Here is no sound but the soft-falling rain.*
> Persephone—
> Dost thou not hear the noise of birth and being,
> The roar of sap in boughs impregnated,
> And all the deafening rumour of the grass?
> Demeter—
> Love hear I, at his endless task of life.
> Persephone—
> The awful immortality of life!
> The white path winding deathlessly to death!
> Why didst thou call the rain from out her caves
> To draw a dying earth back to the day?
> Why fatten flocks for our dark feast, who sit
> Beside the gate, and know where the path ends?
> . . . . . .
> Execrable offices are theirs and thine!
> Mine only nurslings are the waxen-pale
> Dead babes, so small that they are hard to tell
> From the little images their mothers lay
> Beside them, that they may not sleep alone.

"The Inside of a Business Man," by Joseph Fels in the *World's Work*, is an excellent example of the growing literature of self-exposure. The earlier type of philanthropist was always a little inclined to mingle self-praise with his benefactions. His charities were a form of expressing gratitude towards a Providence that had deigned to coöperate with his own exceptional abilities. But there is a type of modern philanthropist who frankly describes his charities as the restitution of stolen goods. Mr. Fels begins by calling himself a robber, and explaining his methods.

Arthur Christopher Benson writes about Charles Dickens in the *North American Review* with a little more than usual of that certain condescension in Dickens critics which the centenary has brought out in rather startling relief. The accepted process in forming an estimate of Charles Dickens is to begin by wondering why so many people for so many years should have liked a writer with so many faults as Dickens, and to end with the discovery that Dickens was really a very great man, don't you know. The faults in him are vulgarity, exaggeration, and mawkish sentimentalism. He is great in his fundamental human sympathies, his vast hilarity, his fine optimism, etc. The implication is that we, the critics, love him because of the best in him, which is an easy way of complimenting ourselves that might have appealed to Dickens's vast humor. Sometimes the doubt occurs whether we do not love Dickens for those faults which our critical faculties feel impelled to frown upon—his vulgarity, his exaggeration, and his mawkish sentimentalism. For the rest Mr. Benson points out with considerable truth how Dickens's genius and his methods were essentially of the theatre. His books are all dramas, "with long descriptive stage directions, the scenes described, instead of being painted." His characters are typical figures; "they make their exits and entrances, they know what every one else in the scene is thinking about, they play into one another's hands."

Under the heading, "The Mania for Hyperbolism," in the current number of the *Bookman*, Max Nordau has some very true, sharp, and amusing things to say about the literary manner of the new generation. Critics vie with creative writers in worshipping at the altar of the superlative. They ejaculate, they stammer, they stutter. Frequently the mere word proves inadequate, and exclamation points, dashes, and dots—"the punctuation used by excessive excitement"—come into play. The new critic writes of a picture: "It is irrigated by all the torrents of thought of this age . . . and the feelings . . . thrills . . ." Of a book of verse: "This narrow volume is a new voice . . ." And here Mr. Nordau has an excellent parenthesis:

> (By the way: the book is no narrower than any other; it is precisely the same width as every volume of the usual octavo form, but the employment of familiar terms in an entirely wrong sense is also one of the characteristics of this fashionable style: "narrow" is used here for "thin.")

The third paper in Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's series, "The American Undergraduate," in the *Century*, deals with the spirit of the college campus. Like its predecessors, the present article is chiefly productive, in one reader's mind, at least, of a sense of disappointment and irritation. Mr. Cooper's text wanders here and wanders there, and succeeds only in reiterating at regular intervals the truth that all is for the best in this world. Anecdote and instance are here in profusion, but they give the impression of existing largely for their own sake. It is an easy-going method that apparently allows for a sharp contradiction of fact within the same paragraph:

> The student who has been brought up always to dine in a dinner-coat will have for his table companions men who have never owned a dress coat, and who see no immediate prospect of needing one. Furthermore, the student world has been subdivided until it is a wholly different thing from what it was fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago. While in the seventies the college student knew every man in his class, in the large institution to-day an undergraduate will meet in the college yard scores of classmates who are perfect strangers, and to whom he has no more idea of speaking than to persons whom he has never seen before.

It is certainly a peculiar sequence in logic that the "furthermore" at the beginning of the second sentence introduces.

In the same number of the *Century*, there is a short chapter of reminiscences of Joseph Jefferson, by Mary Shaw, who describes a man both kindly and canny, and an artist who had worked out the theory of his art. Joseph Jefferson's little lecture to Miss Shaw on the difference between ethics on the stage and in life, is an illuminative bit of criticism which young playwrights might well take to heart, provided young playwrights nowadays take anything to heart.

There are nine autobiographical novels and an autobiographical dramatic trilogy in the list of August Strindberg's works compiled by Edwin Björkman in the *Forum*. This would argue a preoccupation with one's self which we do not usually associate with the purposes of modern objective

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art. For that matter, Strindberg can hardly be called modern. He has swung throughout the entire compass from naïve idyllicism to the most pitiless naturalism. He is revolutionary and old-fashioned. Nor can his artistic evolutions and reactions be explained by corresponding processes in the development of his own soul. He seems to have been very easily influenced by the models of the hour. He has copied Ibsen, Zola, and Maeterlinck; but whatever he did, he did with fluency—and temper. A writer, on the whole, who has found many things to write about and many ways in which to write, but who never quite has found himself.

"The Young Turk" is the title of the principal article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January, in which Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester gives a brief account of Turkish history during the last three and a half years. He calls especial attention to the stupendous obstacles which the reforming party have had to overcome in their efforts to help the country to a new national life. Referring to the noble work of the American missionaries, he quotes the statement of Mr. Gladstone that "they have done more good to the inhabitants of that country than has all Europe combined." T. E. Johnson describes the Greek bronzes found a few years ago in the remains of a Greek galley on the Tunisian coast. Both articles are profusely illustrated, as is one upon the results of recent researches in Crete, particularly those of Dr. A. J. Evans. Prof. R. De C. Ward of Harvard discusses the question as to how far our present immigration laws enable us to exclude those aliens who are physically, mentally, and morally undesirable for parenthood. There is also given a useful map of the countries bordering the Mediterranean.

Science

CANCER.

Fourth Annual Report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. By Dr. E. F. Bashford, Director of the Laboratory. London: Taylor & Francis. 7s. 6d.

In view of the dread which a subtle malady like cancer impresses on the majority of people, some of the general conclusions contained in this report are important and reassuring. Others tend to cover, as with a wet blanket, the optimism arising from the too-serious reading of so-called cancer cures in the daily press. The popular conception that cancer is a novel disease brought about by the intensity and strain of life under the conditions of modern civilization, is again refuted by reference to the fact that all animals down to the marine fishes are also subject to cancer. It is stated, however, although in a guarded way, that workers in some fields of labor are more susceptible to certain types of cancer than are other people; also that certain types of cancer are on the increase, especially those of face, lip, mouth, bladder, urethra, and breast—facts which offset somewhat the caution on page xiii: "For the first time it is fully demonstrated that it is erroneous to make statements of a disquieting nature about the increase of cancer in general." The foundation for such a caution is to be found in the new tabulation of statistical data in the decennial Report of the Registrar-General for the years 1901-1909, in the preparation of which the Census Bureau had the coöperation of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. It may be remarked here, parenthetically, that a similar and a closer coöperation than now exists between our Director of the Census, or heads of State and municipal statistical bureaus, and such organizations as the American Medical Association or the American Association for Cancer Research, might result in more thorough and more enlightening information concerning the incidence of cancer in this country.

Some important conclusions by Dr. Bashford relating to the inheritance of cancer are based largely on a special paper in the report by Dr. J. A. Murray, in which data are brought together covering many years of breeding experiments on mice. From these data it appears that cancers are more likely to develop in the mammary glands of mice with cancerous ancestry than in mice whose ancestors were free from the disease. Such cancers are more frequent for all age-periods in the former than in the latter group, the maxima occurring at the same age-period in both, viz., sixteen to eighteen months, being 21.6 per cent. and 32.1 per cent., respectively, for mice of non-cancerous and cancerous immediate ancestry. To guard against undue apprehension from conclusions drawn from these results, Dr. Bashford points out that it is only by careful inbreeding of mice that this condition of greater liability to cancer of the mamma can be developed, while even with such procedure no great predisposition can be engendered.

> Such a concentration as can be attained in experimental animals can only occur in the human subject by hazard, as a coincidence of considerable rarity, and it is probable that the influence of heredity in the general population is manifested as an average predisposition of low general intensity (page xvi).

To students of cancer the more important conclusions of Dr. Bashford are those that concern the problem of the genesis of malignant tumors. He demonstrates that the beginnings of cancer and the growth of cancer are distinct phenomena, since the conditions necessary to induce the normal tissue cells to divide are different from those which tend to maintain the division energy after the habit of division is acquired. Previous reports from the London laboratory have been devoted largely to the results obtained by the propagation of cancer strains in mice. In this Report, emphasis is laid on the conditions under which cancers develop, and a much larger field of biological inquiry is involved than heretofore. It is clearly stated that tumors, however they may be of the same type, are not equivalent, but each is individual and distinct from all others. This is proved by the fact that it is impossible to make a primary tumor grow in another animal having a similar primary tumor, although it will grow if transplanted to another part of the same animal from which it was derived. In other words, the tumor and the animal in which it develops have a certain symbiotic relation which is characteristic and different from all other analogous relations. Cancer represents, therefore, not only an abnormal growth, but also an abnormal condition in the host. The factors which go to make up this abnormal condition are those which have to do with the genesis of cancer. Bashford and his collaborators, in searching for the origin of such conditions, lay considerable stress upon the effects of chronic irritation as the cause of certain types of tumors. Attention is called to the fact that cancer of specific regions of the body is prevalent in connection with certain clearly defined habits, such as chewing the betel-nut in India, eating hot rice in China, and the habit of carrying small charcoal stoves on the abdomen in Kashmir, etc. In these cases it is assumed that a prolonged proliferation of normal cells under the the influence of chronic irritation may result in the cancers characteristic of the people subject to these habits.

The authors, agreeing with the majority of pathologists and students of the subject, are convinced that cancer is not due to any common causal parasite. They give some evidence to show, nevertheless, that chronic inflammatory changes due to the presence of parasites may be responsible for the later-developing tumors. In M. Haaland's paper on the "Spontaneous Tumors in Mice" printed in the Report, it is stated that nematode, or round, worms were usually found in the interstitial tissues of old mammæ, and that these were capable of causing a considerable inflammatory reaction. From these and other similar facts, he reaches the following significant conclusion:

> The importance of local factors for other forms of cancer has long been recognized. . . . Whether they be animate or inanimate, bilharzia, nematodes, growth of other cancer cells, . . . or mechanical, chemical, and actinic influences, the ultimate result of their action may be the same: the creation of new cell-strains with continuous power of growth. . . . The part played by the chronic irritant is obviously a mediate one, either in that it produces the altered conditions under which the first departure of the cell from the normal may take place, or that it gives spontaneously occurring sports of cells opportunity of multiplying and by degrees adapting themselves to a new mode of life,

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similar to what is observed in propagated tumors. This hypothesis rests on the assumption that the malignant transformation of the tissues may take place by stages, for which there now seems to be ample evidence both from the facts obtained from observations of spontaneous cancers and from those obtained from propagated tumors (pp. 87-88).

From the prominence given by Bashford and his colleagues to chronic irritation as a possible explanation of the genesis of cancer, it is evident that new lines of experimental investigation will be developed. The hypothesis that cancer is an abnormal deviation from normal reparative processes, brought about through their continued activity, is biologically acceptable, but the difficulty comes when we attempt to account for the unlimited division energy of cancer cells. As Bashford points out, there is a distinct difference between the genesis of cancer and the growth of cancer, and the processes responsible for the initiation of cancer may be quite different from those responsible for its continued growth. It is on this point that the advocates of the parasite hypothesis had an advantage, for the continued presence of the hypothetical parasite would be sufficient to account for the continued stimulus to division. Another conception, however, is possible: if a parasite is capable of stimulating the cell to divide, it must be for the reason that the normal physiological balance of the cell is upset. It is conceivable that such an upset on the part of cells stimulated to an unwonted activity by chronic irritation might be brought about by deranged vital activities, or by the accumulation of waste matters produced by incomplete nutrition and degeneration. Here is a field of investigation which has not been sufficiently worked.

Drama

Percy MacKaye has written a volume of one-act plays dealing with New England life; it is announced by Duffield & Co.

Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press) issues the first volume of an edition of Shakespeare in the Oxford Standard Authors series. Two other volumes will be published later, and each of the three will be procurable separately. The chief features of the edition are those which are embodied in an edition of nine smaller volumes, issued by the same house. They are—a general introduction by Swinburne, introducing studies of the several plays by Professor Dowden, and a text prepared by W. J. Craig. This first volume contains Shakespeare's comedies.

The essential weakness in Sir A. W. Pinero's comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," which has just been produced in the Lyceum Theatre, is its lack of any motive appealing to general human interest. All the personages are either insignificant or despicable. No doubt it reflects with sufficient accuracy the manners and morals of certain typical characters plentiful enough in the heterogeneous social mass vaguely described as "middle class" in England, but the story is so devoid of vital point and so entirely dependent upon theatrical mechanism for its main effects, that it has small claim to consideration as serious drama. The outline of the plot must be pretty generally known by this time. A shallow, pompous county magnate, a rake reformed by force of circumstances, is married to a religious devotee, who makes him deliver "sermonettes" at the family prayer meetings. Incidentally it may be remarked that the treatment of this topic is not always in the best taste. The pretty governess, Josepha—adored by all the men in a large house party—shows him how to gain credit for theological learning by cribbing his addresses from an edition of the early fathers, and in his gratitude he gives her a kiss. Her indignation exacts from him an abject apology, and she agrees to keep silence for the sake of his wife. Unintentionally she betrays the offence, but not the name of the offender. Consequently all the women suspect all the men, except the guilty Panmure, whom Josepha has exonerated, and the household is distracted by jealousy. Up to this point the piece is written on the lines of light comedy, but thereafter it degenerates into farce, sometimes both conventional and extravagant, until the final solution. The whole tale, in its triviality and indefiniteness, is unworthy of the reputation of Pinero, but the handiwork of the expert dramatist is discernible in the neatness of the mechanism, the crisp, appropriate, and satirical dialogue, and the true and facile characterization, much of which was destroyed in the performance. So slight and whimsical a fabric, of course, ought to have been handled delicately by the players, but most of these added exaggeration to exaggeration, so that light comedy was converted into farce, and farce into buffoonery.

In each new character that she assumes, the eminent French actress, Madame Simone, furnishes fresh evidence of her intelligence, skill, and versatility. Her latest impersonation here is that of Melissinda, the heroine of "The Lady of Dreams," an English adaptation and expansion of Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine." It is a performance full of grace, beauty, and passion, but somewhat lacking in the glamor of romance and imagination. For several reasons it would be unjust to measure it by the standards of precise criticism. In the first place, she was clearly embarrassed by the foreign tongue; in the second, the verse of Mr. Parker, adroit and pretty as it often is, is not the poetry of Rostand, and, in the third, the actors who supported her were, for the most part, inexperienced in the ways of romantic drama. Only A. E. Anson, who played the dying troubadour with fine fervor and picturesque simplicity, knew how to give to verse its appropriate emphasis and rhythm. Julian L'Estrange was a gallant figure as the Knight Bertram, whose love proved stronger than his loyalty, and displayed both power and perception in his acting, but neither in speech nor gesture had he the finish of the old Bensonian. Most of the minor players tried to make up in vigor for their deficiency in cunning. As for Madame Simone she scarcely realized—except in the matter of physical beauty—the mystical poetic charm of the idealistic visionary princess. She was, in the earlier scenes at all events, distinctly modern, although her Melissinda had nothing in common with the heroines of "The Thief" or "The Return to Jerusalem." In the final act, however, in her gradual surrender to the higher, spiritual love by the litter of the dying Prince Rudel, she entered more completely into the spirit of the idyl and played with an ecstatic tenderness and self-devotion which were exceedingly effective. She won a personal success, but the representation, as a whole, suggested the difficulties with which any present attempt to revive the romantic drama must be attended.

Edward Terry and Fred Terry, both of whom have long been incapacitated by illness, are said now to be on the road to recovery, and preparing to resume professional work.

Oswald Stoll has begun a season at the London Savoy, with Ellen Terry and Albert Chevalier as his principal attractions. The first talks about Shakespeare's heroines, while Mr. Chevalier appears in George Gloriel's two-act play, "The House," and J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloon."

Arthur Hardy has a new play which he will produce soon at a London West End theatre. The company has been engaged, and rehearsals are in progress. It is said to be a drama of a stirring character, dealing with a subject prominently before the public. "The Chalk Line" is the title selected by its authors, Norman MacOwan—not to be confounded with Norman McKeown, who wrote "Travellers"—and Fabian Ware. The action is laid in "the wilds of the Highlands." The only hint of its drift is given in the following lines: "Cadmus having slain the dragon, the goddess appeared and told him to take the dragon's teeth and sow them in the ground. From this seed, men, fully armed, sprang out of the earth and fell upon one another in deadly combat until only five survived." The cast will include Kenneth Douglas, C. V. France, Alfred Brydone, and Lady Tree.

Louis Meyer of the London Apollo Theatre has procured the English rights in "Les Petits," a comedy by Lucien Népoty, which, produced at the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, has been attracting large audiences. The piece has been likened by a Paris critic to the work of Dickens and of Daudet. The plot is based upon the union of a widow and widower, both of whom have two children. Richard, Jeanne Burdon's grown-up son, is so deeply attached to his father's memory that, rather than countenance his mother's second marriage, he determines to seek his fortunes in China. After seven years he returns, to discover that a girl has been born. Out of this situation spring family misunderstandings and recriminations of the most striking nature. Richard's younger brother, Georges, a lad of sixteen, is played by Eve Lavallière, with great success.

Annie Yeamans, who died in New York on Sunday night, had been a public performer for nearly seventy years. In her own sphere she was for half a century a favorite of the public. Born in the Isle of Man, in 1835, she was taken by her parents, whose name was Griffiths, to Sydney,

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New South Wales. In Melbourne she played for two seasons in a circus, under the management of G. H. Rowe. In 1853 she married Edward Yeamans, an American clown attached to the circus. Her first appearance in New York was as a page in "Cendrillon," at the old New York Theatre. She next was seen in "The Ticket of Leave Man," in which, as she expressed it a few years ago, she "played about every part, from Sam Willoughby to the old grandmother." Augustin Daly engaged her for "Round the Clock" at the Grand Opera House, which she left to enter upon her long connection with Harrigan and Hart at the Theatre Comique. Hart was a genius in his way, and Harrigan played one type of Irishman supremely well. Mrs. Yeamans, too, had a rare supply of inextinguishable spirits, a roguish eye, and a delicious brogue, as well as an abundant experience. Her racy humor was preëminent in such pieces as "Cordelia's Aspirations" and "Reilly and the Four Hundred." The Harrigan dramas came to an end at last, and Mrs. Yeamans appeared thereafter under many managements, and in all sorts of plays, from "The Lights o' London" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "A Chinese Honeymoon."

George Grossmith, sr., the well-known English actor and public entertainer, died at Folkestone, England, on March 1, aged sixty-four. He appeared in the leading parts of most of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas. By degrees he left the stage to resume his earlier occupation as an entertainer, in which he won success on both sides of the Atlantic. As a mimic he had rare powers, and his imitation of amateur performers, whether vocalists, instrumentalists, reciters, after-dinner speakers, or selected eccentrics, were notable. Mr. Grossmith was the author of various musical sketches, among which may be mentioned "Cups and Saucers," "Mr. Guffin's Elopement," "The Great Toykin," and "Haste to the Wedding." He also published an autobiography.

Music

Post-Victorian Music. By Charles L. Graves. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This volume consists of forty-four papers which originally appeared in the London *Spectator*, and they were decidedly worth reprinting. Mr. Graves is a remarkably sane and liberal critic, apparently quite free from all objectionable bias. He has had wide and varied experience, and he is master of a simple, lucid style. The first section of his book, which is devoted to Richard Strauss's "Domestic Symphony," "Elektra," and "Salome," indicates at once that the title "Post-Victorian" does not imply that the book is concerned with England only. While London is the background of most of the articles, the author takes his readers on literary excursions to Germany, Austria, and Russia; nay, there is even a paper on American Musical Criticism, in which he notes that, while in the domain of music America has hitherto been assimilative rather than creative, she has begun to stamp the impress of her individuality on the alien composers and artists, and on journalists of foreign descent, including one who has gone to the length of extolling Chopin at the expense of Beethoven, of depreciating Brahms, and of claiming for MacDowell a place alongside Schubert and Schumann as a song-writer.

Times change and opinions change with them. Of this truth Mr. Graves gives some interesting illustrations. For several generations Handel was worshipped in England so exclusively that excommunication, if not the gallows, would have been the lot of a critic daring to write, as Arthur Johnstone has done in our day, that "no greater praise can be bestowed on Handel than to say that in his very best moments he is almost worthy of Bach." Mendelssohn alone was allowed for a generation to share the honors with Bach. His worshippers "regarded it as an act of duty to disparage the music of any newcomer—notably Schumann—who ventured to imperil the supremacy of their idol." Mendelssohn himself did not share this narrowness; at a rehearsal of the London Philharmonic, for example, when the orchestral players became mutinous and laughed at the triplet figure in the last movement of Schubert's C major symphony, he told them that if they refused to treat Schubert with proper respect he would withdraw his own new overture.

Among the most interesting of Mr. Graves's pages are those in which he describes the gradual conquest of England by the German *Lied*. Sir George Grove took every opportunity to call attention to the beauties of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, but it was not until Stockhausen visited England that British audiences began to appreciate these lyrics. Subsequently, Henschel, Bispham, Plunket Greene, and others entered the field, and at present London has its daily song recital. What is hard to understand is why the leading English singers for the most part ignored this movement. Sims Reeves confined himself almost exclusively to oratorio, Italian opera, and English ballads. Santley had two Schubert songs on his list, and Lloyd had one. Of all of them the author might have asserted what he says of Santley: "While keeping abreast of sound popular taste, he did little pioneer work in enlarging the horizon of the average concert-goer." Patti, who for so many years was the idol of the English, confined her excursions into the realm of the *Lied* to Schubert's serenade and a few other simple melodies. Most amazing was the attitude of Antoinette Sterling. For the last two decades of her career she devoted herself almost entirely to English ballads, by Sullivan, Cowen, Molloy, and others. Her attitude towards the accompaniments of songs explains why she had no use for the German *Lieder*, in which the piano often plays as important a part as the voice. She would never allow more than a bar or two of accompaniment between the verses. After the voice had ceased, a couple of bars, sounded very quickly, were the utmost she would permit. Musicians sighed at the liberties she took with their works, but as these helped to turn them into popular successes, they had at least the larger royalties to console them. English audiences of to-day have become not only tolerant of the haunting melodies on the piano; they even applaud songs by Strauss and Wolf and Debussy, in which the voice is entirely subordinated to the piano part.

Some kinds of music are at a disadvantage in London (as they are in New York) because of the lack of suitable homes for them. In a chapter on London's concert halls Mr. Graves notes the fact that, whereas there seems to be no difficulty in procuring capital for the erection of new theatres or new hotels, no one comes to the rescue of the concert-givers. "Whenever in Central London old buildings are demolished, it is generally to make room for some new temple dedicated to the pleasures of the table." He is optimistic enough to hope that when the present craze for restaurant life has abated, one of the superfluous monster hotels may be converted from the service of appetite to that of art. His concluding remarks are, however, less cheering. He half agrees with a distinguished foreigner who maintains that musical England is deteriorating, the interest in the art being diminished by the multiplying of competing distractions.

There are indications that the Wagner centenary will be celebrated all over the world next year, with a fervor exceeding even that of the Liszt festivities this season. Oil is being poured on the flames by Breitkopf & Härtel and others who own the copyrights of Wagner's productions. As these expire next year, the publishers are anticipating the demand for cheaper editions, both of the operas and the literary works, by issuing them at fabulously low rates—the operas at two or three marks each, and the twelve volumes of operatic texts and prose works for only twelve marks!

An association has been formed in Paris for the purpose of collecting funds for a monument to the late Alexandre Guilmant.

Humperdinck's "Königskinder" is gradually passing into various European languages. A few weeks ago it was produced in a Dutch version at Amsterdam, with brilliant success. Humperdinck, according to the latest news from Berlin, is slowly recovering the power of speech, which he completely lost during his recent illness. His mind, however, is not yet clear, as he still believes himself to be in London.

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No city has had such a great musical past as Vienna. Unfortunately the gay capital of Austria is outside the usual track of international tourists, wherefore no attempt is usually made during the summer to round them up (as in Munich, Bayreuth, and other towns) for a summer festival. During the fourth week of next June, however, Vienna will offer a musical feast that will doubtless attract thousands of foreigners. In a series of performances at the Imperial Opera and in the concert halls there will be presented a number of masterworks far surpassing in variety the offerings at the festivals in other cities. Vienna was the place where Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner, Brahms, and Mahler wrote their masterworks; where the Bohemians, Smetana and Dvorák, helped to provide variety; where Hugo Wolf added his songs to the treasures of Schubert and Brahms; where Lanner and Strauss created new styles of dances and operettas; where folk-music flourished as in few other places. All these phases of Vienna's musical life will be vividly illustrated during the festival week, and at the same time the Court Theatre will present the best works of Austria's playwrights.

Art

Etchings. With 44 illustrations. By Frederick Wedmore. (The Connoisseur's Library.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

"The world that cares for art at all," says the author in the preface, "has become strangely and creditably occupied with original prints." One sign of this interest in prints is to be found in the comparative frequency of additions to the literature of the subject, making interleaving already necessary in Bourcard's bibliography ("Gravures et Graveurs," Paris, 1910).

Mr. Wedmore's book in a measure serves both the connoisseur and the less advanced student. While not a systematic history of etching, it has continuity of purpose, and the division into chapters on individual artists or on groups of related etchers helps to emphasize the ever-present importance of the personality behind the print. In etching this factor is particularly potent, for it, more than any other graphic reproductive process, has served as a painter art. It has been preëminently the vehicle for the conveyance of artistic impressions set down directly, without the aid of an intermediate agent, a professional engraver. This reproduction of an artist's work in facsimile constitutes each proper impression from an etched plate to all intents an original work by the artist. In the present book—the product of experience and taste—the limitless possibilities offered by copper-plate, etching needle, and acid to the free expression of ideals and moods are emphasized by an inclusiveness, a catholicity in appreciation which is not, perhaps, always to be expected from the land of the author's birth. It is refreshing to find Rembrandt, Steinlen, Van Dyck, Jacquemart, Veyrassat, Bracquemond, Hollar, Bauer, Goya, Helleu, and others equally diverse in individuality, set before us with discriminating comment. The statement of general principles by the author is sane and fair-minded. In the sentence, "T. F. Simon has employed hues dainty but telling—never obliterating the expression by line which is of the very essence of etching" (p. 101), he not only characterizes tersely and clearly the art of which he writes, but defines his opinion as to the reticence necessary (see also p. 95) when color is used. And his reminder that the desirable state is not necessarily the first but the best, "whether it be the first, the second, or, peradventure, the fifth," is not so much a truism as a basic fact that will bear repetition.

There are limitations to be noted, presumably due to temperament. Various reasons may be sought for the entire ignoring of Germany, and for the strange omission of Charles A. Platt and Miss Cassatt from the somewhat unbalanced chapter of seven pages on America. Certain individual comments, also, such as the easy acceptance of Zorn's characterization in all his male portraits, may not be generally accepted as "well considered." As to the possibly not quite relevant remarks anent catalogues in the chapter on Whistler, it is well to remember that a catalogue is a catalogue and not a selective list, and also that an able critic may be an indifferent cataloguer and a cataloguer incidentally a discriminating connoisseur. The bibliography is negligible, and in the index the author has apparently attempted to summarize his comments on each individual artist, a futile effort with an amateurish result.

The collector will place the book on his shelves next to Hamerton, Hind, Koehler, Beraldi, and the others. The beginner, who has entered into the delights that the print offers, through one of the two or three really introductory books (not histories) that have been written on prints, will do well to read the present more detailed work. He will find imagination and recollection well aided by the illustrations, which are happily reproduced by a process that breaks the line very much less perceptibly than the screen of the half-tone. And that is of prime importance. Indeed, in etching the line, quite apart from its collective use to render masses of shade or tone or texture, often is employed in suggestive indication, with synthetic elimination, and stands out with noteworthy clearness as the symbol that it is.

Lester G. Hornby has done the "Edinburgh" volume of A. & C. Black's Artists' Sketch-book series; it is announced for publication shortly.

The first number of a new architectural journal, entitled the *Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University,* will be published this month. The purpose of the periodical is to present in easily accessible form important work by students, special lectures delivered in the school, and contributions by members of the teaching staff and graduates. The principal article in the first number will be an illustrated paper on "Architectural Acoustics," by Prof. W. C. Sabine, with a practical discussion of a number of recent theatres, lecture halls, and churches. The number will also contain several drawings of important examples of European architecture, and an essay on "The Mediæval Town Halls of Italy," by H. E. Warren. The annual subscription to the *Quarterly* will be two dollars a year, single number sixty cents. The journal will be published by Harvard University.

Besides the title essay, A. E. Gallatin's "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles" (John Lane) contains brief notices of the International Society of London, of the work of Ernest Haskell and Everett Shinn, and also papers on "An Etching" by Zorn, and on "The Winslow Homer Memorial Exhibition." The little book is charmingly made at the Merrymount Press, contains some unedited sketches by Whistler, and the edition is limited.

We have received from Philip Lee Warner, publisher for the Medici Society, London, "A Catalogue of an Exhibition of Old Masters in Aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, Grafton Galleries, 1911." This exhibition has already been reviewed by our London correspondent in the number for October 26, 1911, and we need only add that this light and beautifully printed quarto is under the very competent editorship of Roger E. Fry and Maurice W. Brockwell, and contains eighty collotypes of old masters of every school. According to the comity governing loan exhibitions, the attributions are those of the owners. The percentage of error is unusually small, and by citation of Claude Phillips's press notice of this exhibition the warning signal is raised where needed. The scholarly character of this work, and its fine reproductions, will commend it to serious students of the history of art.

Professor Garstang has been continuing his excavations at Meroë, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, and his exertions have now resulted in remarkable discoveries. He has unearthed a prostyle Roman temple, luxurious baths, and other proofs of a Roman occupation of Meroë. The baths were fed by water which first passed through a series of aqueducts and finally flowed down cascades between numerous sculptured lions and other animals. The walls are ornamented with rows of colored tiles, decorated in relief, all still in their original positions; and around the tank are placed a number of statues. The importance of this discovery lies in the fact that it definitely proves that the boundaries of the Roman empire embraced a wider area than has hitherto been believed. The presence of the bronze head of the Emperor Augustus discovered in 1911 and now in the British Museum is thus explained.

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Finance

BAD NEWS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

During several weeks, it has been a matter of remark that prices on the Stock Exchange were not responding, in what would have seemed the logical way, to distinctly unfavorable news. A succession of discouraging announcements, a series of reports that business, the country over, had disappointed the hopes with which the year began, and a deepening of the political confusion, at home and abroad, were received on the stock market merely with apathy and indifference. The casual observer would not have guessed, from a glance at the movement of prices for the day, that anything at all had happened.

Following that period of inertia came a still more singular turn in events. A week ago, the stock market which would not go down began to rise, and a few days of greatly increased activity of trading left the leading speculative stocks at prices 3 to 5 points above last week's figures. This occurred in the face of such interesting items in the news as the passing of its dividend by one of the largest steel-producing companies, the further fall in prices on the steel market, the announcement of the Roosevelt candidacy on a radical platform, a series of extremely bad January railway reports, the strike of a million English coal miners, the victory of New England's textile laborers over their employers, the hint at a possible coming coal strike here, the preparation for the Money Trust inquisition by the House of Representatives, and the publication of a very hostile report on the Steel Corporation by an expert appointed by the Congressional committee to investigate its books.

There are various explanations of so seemingly anomalous a response of the Stock Exchange to the news. The phenomenon is not altogether new; the 15-point advance in prices, immediately after the Steel prosecution was announced at the end of last October, is a leading precedent. It is not wholly clear, even now, whether that "November rise" reflected chiefly indifference to the suit, or "buying on bad news" in an oversold speculative market, or knowledge of the surprising volume of railway orders which were presently to be placed in the steel trade. Probably most people would say now that Wall Street had talked so long of the coming Steel suit that the thing had been "discounted" in prices weeks before, that the state of the money and credit market was too sound to admit of any further undermining, and that therefore stocks went up in anticipation of something really encouraging—which came, as such events usually come after a season of uninterrupted gloom. It is yet to be determined whether the past week's rise in prices is a mere flash in the pan, due to the restless activity of professional speculators, or is a sign that a turn for the better in the general situation is at hand.

Not the least singular aspect of the Stock Exchange's attitude is its indifference to the English coal strike, which began a week ago, and whose larger possibilities are admittedly of the most formidable sort. Preparations for a partial embargo on English manufacturing and transportation industries, for lack of fuel; rumors of possible similar demonstrations in the coal fields of Germany, France, and the United States, and indications that the British Government had lost control of the situation, were factors which might easily have shaken financial confidence on every side. On the London Stock Exchange, it is true, consols declined ¾ point, and shares of English railways fell off 1 to 5 points; yet even at London there was no sign of demoralization, prices recovered sharply this week, and the chief comment in financial quarters was that the Stock Exchange was unreasonably disregarding the panicky warnings and predictions which had been finding voice in the London press.

It may have done so; yet the stock market sometimes measures such a situation more wisely than the paragraphers. The possibilities involved in a general embargo on the British coal fields are undoubtedly large enough to excite the imagination. Almost anything in the way of industrial disaster may be reasoned out from the conceivable sequel to an indefinitely prolonged industrial deadlock of the sort. But when the London editorial writers tell us, as they did last Saturday, that no such catastrophe has threatened England since the Spanish Armada set sail in 1588 from Coruña for the Channel, and the Stock Exchange hears the verdict without emotion, one is tempted to suspect that Capel Court may have kept its head while Fleet Street and the Conservative Clubs have not. It might be superfluous to suggest that such a view of the case forgets the Dutch fleet in the Thames in 1667, the Mutiny of the Nore in 1797, Napoleon at Boulogne in 1804, and the Chartist meetings in Trafalgar Square in 1848, not to mention Great Britain's complete international isolation in the stormy days of 1779 and 1895. But the more obvious conclusion is, that the coal trade crisis itself is not looked upon with a very philosophic eye.

Threats of a general tie-up of all industry have not been uncommon in the recent history of nations. France was confronted with such a possibility through its railway employees in 1910; we ourselves had a taste of it in 1894; and on both occasions the problem which inspired such extreme dismay was quickly solved, with the help of Government, simply because its conceivable possibilities were so grave. It may, indeed, be said of the English strike that the prospect of a similar early settlement is very much better because of the formidable condition of things which would follow its indefinite prolongation. That, beyond doubt, is what the Stock Exchange has had in mind.

When the every-day comforts, necessities, and activities of society at large are menaced with interruption by an obstinate labor demonstration in a single industry, society as a whole ranges itself on the side of restoration of normal conditions. The laborer himself, and the quiet middle-class citizen whose action is frequently decisive in emergencies of the sort, took their stand with Cleveland in 1895 and with Briand in 1910. They knew very well that their own personal rights had been invaded, and their attitude rendered a settlement imperative. What remains to be determined is whether the English difficulty can be solved, under present circumstances, without undue political commotion and popular disorder.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. The Trent Affair. From Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings. Boston.

Arvine, W. B. Hang Up Philosophy, and Other Poems. Boston: Poet Lore Co.

Bailey, H. C. The Lonely Queen. Doran. $1.20 net.

Balch, G. B. Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Balzac, Honoré de. Love in a Mask. Translated by A. M. Ivimy. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1 net.

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